

(1928, Aug. Lima)

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Wednesday, 15 August, Lima; cloudy and cold, but pavements wet with heavy dew. After breakfast I called on the American officials to say good bye. Had an early luncheon, settled my hotel account, tipped the servants, got the baggage down and into a taxi, made a quick run to Callao, and was aboard the steamer at 2 p.m., glad to leave the climate and depressing city of Lima and Peru, a condemned country where ~~an~~ men are fined heavily for possessing matches or cigar lighters made in other countries. Also I felt a warm glow of satisfaction to know that I was homeward bound.

The ship did not actually leave until after 5 p.m. A launch came alongside with some passengers and their luggage just as the propeller began to turn. In the stern of the launch sat a Peruvian gentleman dressed as all Latin Americans dress, immaculately and in the latest fashion. The launch swung about with the tide at the foot of the companion ladder and at that moment there was a discharge of dirty water from a hole in the side of the ship over his head. He and his new suitcases were drenched. It was an accident, of course, but an embarrassing one for the gentleman who was naturally very indignant. After the boat got under way and I took my last look at Callao and Lima I went down to my cabin to get acquainted with my fellow passenger. I found him to be a highly intelligent American who had traveled in many countries as a representative of a Philadelphia manufacturer of garden utensils and tools. He was courteous and agreeable and an interesting conversationalist, but I was ~~plea~~ pleased to know that he would leave the ship at Paita, after which I would have the cabin to myself. Reading with much interest "La Vuelta del Mundo" by Ibañez, whose tour of the world corresponded rather closely with my own. At the supper table I had for companions my roommate, an English officer of the ship who had trav-

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eled in the Orient, and a large woman who appeared to be German.

Thursday, August 16, to Panama; cold misty morning, but clearing by noon. The sea was fairly smooth but there was a great side swell from the west. Shortly after noon we anchored before a small town and some passengers came aboard. The swell was so heavy that it was necessary to rig up a chair swing in which passengers sat and were swung out over the water and lowered into a boat that rose and fell with the swell. Some of the passengers were drenched to the skin with the water that splashed up the side of the ship and over the boat. The coast was picturesque in the sunshine. The mountains rose up directly from the beach several thousand feet in the background. The sand of the beach appeared to have been blown about half the way up the slope.

Friday, 17 August, Paita; cloudy and cold. It was very cold during the night. The ship came into the harbor in front of Paita at 10 a.m. It is a small town huddled along the beach with a table land back of it and cliffs facing the sea. The ship took on some cotton and hides. A few passengers got off, including my cabin mate. A number of old Indian women came out in canoes with pottery, birds, green parrots, and fruits of various kinds. It was from one of these women that I purchased two love birds in 1924. Half a dozen men came aboard with armsfull of Panama straw hats. They asked up to ten pounds sterling for a single hat, but as the last man was about to leave I bought one ~~from him~~ for one pound, which was about equivalent to four dollars. By noon I felt comfortably warm on deck for the first time since leaving Rio de Janeiro.

The ship sailed at 2 p.m. For the first time in several weeks the sky was blue. I saw two whales spouting in the distance. After supper I talked with a small man from Witchita, Kansas. Said he

owned land in Colorado that he thought could be irrigated. He was startled when I expressed the opinion that it was a great mistake to go to the expense of irrigating land at a time when the rest of the country without irrigation already produced more than could be sold at a profit.

Saturday, 18 August, to Panama; cloudy, misty, and warm. The ship stopped at Libertad in Ecuador and took on some passengers. Began reading "Best in Short Stories for 1927" some of which are good. Getting warmer hourly and I changed to thinner clothing. We passed the theoretical Equator about 5 p.m. Most of the day we were in sight of the coast of Ecuador with a range of blue mountains seen through the haze and partially hidden by mists. We saw a number of fishing boats with sails. Among the passengers was an American couple with a daughter, Pauline, who appeared to be about twelve years old. The child was slender and undeveloped, but evidently had her imagination excited from observing the conduct of men toward women and her little head was turned by the attentions paid her by the officers of the ship. She made herself conspicuous by her efforts to attract the attention of the officers and by following them about and ~~passing~~ posing for their benefit on every occasion, by lifting up her skirts, by sitting in chairs with her knees elevated, by smiling and simpering, by leaning against them, and by petting them. Of course the officers spoiled her by humoring her, by treating her as if she were a grown up young lady and leading her on for their own amusement and that of the passengers, but to the evident distress of her parents. This evening Pauline was crushed when, after repeatedly turning ~~her~~ about in her chair and attempting to carry on a long distance flirtation with several officers at distant tables, her parents announced firmly in a tone of voice loud enough for nearby passengers to hear that if she was seen again making signals to the officers or any one else

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and in the dining room she would have to take her meals with the other children at a different hour. I observed also that immediately after supper her mother took Pauline with her to the cabin and she was not seen until the next day--again flirting desperately with the officers, most of whom, out of respect for her parents, were more dignified and aloof in meeting her advances.

Sunday, 19 August, to Panama; partly cloudy and hot. All passengers appeared in summer clothing. VB Began reading "Best Short Stories of France 1926-27" some of which were very good. It was a day of blue sky and rippling sea, and a gentle breeze that tempered the heat of a tropical sun.

Monday, 20 August, to Panama; hot, with clouds and rippling sea. After breakfast we ran into a tropical down-pour that^a lasted only a few minutes. At 11 a.m. we approached Balboa, the port at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal, with a^a marvelously beautiful landscape of islands and small mountain peaks covered with tropical vegetation that looked refreshing to eyes tired of seeing thousands of miles of barren gray mountain slopes. The weather was fine, soft and springlike. Our ship did not come to a complete stop, but simply slowed and up at the entrance of the canal. A launch drew up alongside and delivered some mail sacks and took off some, while another launch brought out some passengers, as the ship moved slowly forward, and without stopping entered the canal.

Among the passengers was a school teacher from Brooklyn on vacation. She looked like a Jewess, but said she was of Italian descent. We soon got acquainted. She was not especially good looking, but had a voluptuous figure and evidently craved masculine companionship. Together we sat on deck most of the day and enjoyed the extraordinarily beautiful landscape of the Canal Zone. Unquestionably it is one of the beauty spots of the earth. The canal

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itself is like a river. In places it is broad and widens out into placid lakes surrounded by verdant hills. Everywhere there are hills that once were the peaks of small mountains, but are now partly submerged and covered to their tops with green vegetation. What once were the naked walls of the Culebra cut were now hung with festoons of vines and shrubbery.

We reached Colon, the Atlantic end of the Canal, at 3 sun-down. As we came out into the Carri^bbean there was just enough pink and red in the sky from the setting sun to color the calm sea with a rosy haze that gradually faded until the stars came out. We sat on deck until the dinner gong sounded. After supper I went ashore and inspected the bazaars where I purchased some souvenirs for the family at home. Sat up with the Jewess lady on deck until the ship left at 12.15 a.m. The lights of Colon were very pretty.

Tuesday, 21 August, to New York; cloudy and warm, with strong head wind and some waves. Another lovely day, but wind and waves becoming strong and considerable motion in the ship, so that many passengers kept to their cabins. It was necessary to keep portholes closed to prevent the sea from splashing in, which made the cabins hot and stuffy.

After breakfast I went to my deck chair and found that the Jewish lady had rented a chair and had it placed next to mine. She was affable and inclined to be confidential. She displayed a beautiful pair of legs of generous proportions clad in thin silk stockings that ended in a roll just above the knee, with apparently no undergarment above. I regretted my New England conscience and scruples that inhibited me from taking advantage of her free will offering, but I could not bring myself to overcome the handicap lest I might later have cause to regret it. After a time another man on the boat made himself agreeable to her and she left to entertain^a him.

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After the siren left I amused myself trying to estimate the proportion of the land surface and the population of the world represented by the countries I had visited, including their colonies and dependencies for which cooperation in the census was promised by the mother countries, and was gratified to find that it represented approximately 92 percent of the surface and 97 per cent of the population of the globe.

In the afternoon I read a good detective story by Wallace and started to read Henry Ford's biography.

Wednesday, 22 August, to New York; a clear, bright, hot day, with pleasant breeze and a rippling sea. Reading Henry Ford's "My Life and Work," which is mainly a sermon on business management. My Jewess friend appeared in company with another gentleman today who apparently was satisfyingly responsive, so that I was relieved from further embarrassment. There was music and dancing in the evening. Some of the ladies were beautifully gowned.

Thursday, 23 August, to New York; a clear warm day with blue rippling sea and schools of silvery flying fish. Finished reading Ford's book, which is partly a historical sketch of the development of the automobile and partly an exposition of his theory of business as "service." In the afternoon there was a dummy horse race with betting, which simple and foolish as it was resulted in much excitement and good humor. In the evening there was a carnival dress dinner and ball with much laughter, hilarity, and plain childish foolishness. Reading "Passional Yankee," an interesting but strange story.

Friday, 24 August, Havana; clear and hot. Passengers were awakened by the stewards at 6.30 a.m. and then had to wait around for an hour to be checked by the port officials. The ship anchored in the port of Havana sometime during the night. After breakfast I

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went ashore. Everything looked exactly as it did the last time I saw it. I walked about the streets, bought some cigars, had a hair cut, and bought a few presents for the home folks. Sent a telegram to wife and returned to the ship at 11.30 a.m.

After luncheon I had a nap and then returned to the deck as the ship was passing out of the harbor at 4 p.m. In the bright sunshine we had a fine view of Havana harbor, of Moro Castle, the presidential mansion, the park, the beach drive and promenade facing the sea. In the evening the passengers displayed far more animation than they had done and I was conscious of a feeling of exhilaration at the prospect of steaming straight through to New York without stop.

Saturday, 25 August, to New York; bright hot day. The ship was following the Gulf Stream, which was like a great blue river with little dancing waves, schools of silvery flying fish skipping from wave to wave, and birds soaring about the ship. In the early morning we were in sight of the low coast of Florida. In the distance we could see Miami, which seemed to be floating on the water. We saw a number of steamers during the day. Passengers were requested to fill out customs declarations. Reading "Jalna" by Margo de la Roche, a Canadian story. The little man from Kansas who had told me that he was agent for a company selling mechanical hares in South America, had gone ashore at Havana where he received ^{an} ~~A~~ ^o ~~A~~dm^oin^oitory letter from his firm, had got gloriously drunk, stuck to me like a leach and insisted on talking. At time^s ~~A~~ he was maudlin and incoherent, but he tried to make me understand in a round about way that he also was working for Uncle Sam.

Sunday, 26 August, to New York; ideal weather, bright sunshine, cool breeze, blue sky with cottony white cumulus clouds, and a calmly

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ripples^{ing} deep blue sea. Began drafting a memorandum concerning my tour of the world as a basis for talks I might be called upon to give in Washington. Began reading "Cuentos de Marivida" by Emilio Pardo Bozan. During the late afternoon we passed Cape Hatteras. Went to bed thinking "One more night and I shall be home"--I could hardly realize it.

Monday, 27 August, to New York; another ideal day with lovely sea. Reading "Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Wilder, one of the best short stories in English I had read in several years. About 9 p.m. we were in sight of Atlantic City and I leaned against the rail watching the twinkling lights along the board walk, wishing I might promenade down that walk with my family and see the changes that had taken place since I first saw it more than thirty years previously.

Tuesday, 28 August, New York and Washington; clear and excessively hot. Passengers were awakened at 5 a.m. and told to get up ~~and~~ without delay. The ship was anchored in the Narrows. New York had daylight saving time and her clocks were one hour ahead of the ship's time. After being routed out the passengers sat around forlornly and were growling impatiently on deck for nearly three hours before they could get a cup of coffee. Just one more instance of mismanagement and lack of consideration on the part of the ship's officers and port officials in New York harbor. After long drawn out and vexatious port formalities the ship steamed slowly up past the superb spectacle of downtown New York and tied up at a pier on the Hoboken side of the river.

After getting my baggage through customs I took a taxi and got across to the Pennsylvania Station, bought a ticket, checked my baggage, and got a seat on a train leaving at 11.10 a.m. due to reach Washington at 4.10 p.m. On crossing to the Jersey side my eyes were offended by the disfigurement of the landscape by the succession of

(1928, August, New York-Washington)

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blatant signs. The fresh green vegetation looked good to eyes ^{at} that had seen so much dreary landscape along the Pacific coast of South America. It was hot--much hotter than in the tropics. Again I noted the large proportion of the landscape between New York and Wilmington occupied by manufacturing towns and establishments that are ugly and repulsive, and I thought to myself "I cannot ^{now} understand why visitors from Europe who see only our Atlantic seaboard as far south as Baltimore come away with the impression that we are money grubbers and have no sense of beauty, because we butcher up the landscape and pollute the air with the fumes of factory smoke." To me the succession of advertizing signs, the factories, and other dirt, grime, and smoke, were inexpressibly offensive--offensive not ~~on~~ only because they destroyed beauty but because so much of it was either unnecessary or could readily be remedied.

The trip from Baltimore to Washington was thrilling to me, because it was so familiar, had not changed materially in the years of my absence, was not disfigured by so many signs, and although the soil was poor and the trees were scrub second growth, they were fresh and green; and, I was nearing home.

Then came the exciting moment when the train slid down under the shed at the Union station. How good it seemed to step out on the familiar platform. I turned my hand baggage over to a porter and strode toward the gate, wondering if any one would be there to meet me. Not the family, nor any of my associates from the office; but a young man taller than I stepped up whom I recognized by his grin as my adopted son, Otis. Together in a taxi we went through the familiar streets to the house on 17th Street where stout little wife and ~~Thelma~~ solemn Thelma, and my mother who had come in from Frederick, dressed in their best, were waiting to welcome me. What a curious feeling one had to meet them again and to enter one's own house after

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an absence of nearly two years. How remote and dim seemed all those countries I had visited. Within a few minutes after entering the house Tom Jenkins, the tenant on the upper floor, came in ^{and} greeted me, and shortly thereafter his little, old, birdlike mother came down to see me. Then I learned for the first time that our neighbor, Mrs. Johnston, had been dead for nearly a year.

At my wife's suggestion we all went to the Y.W.C.A. on the next corner for supper. The food was good, but the service was abominable. It was a cafeteria and was so badly crowded that we had to stand ~~in line~~ at the foot of a long line that moved slowly and we had difficulty in finding a table for four. By the time we were served I was physically tired and mentally impatient. Then there was the crashing of many dishes and the hubub of noisy conversation by the people in the crowded dining room. Frankly I did not like it because of the general inefficiency and the nerve racking din. Thereafter I promptly and emphatically vetoed any suggestion that we repeat the experience.

Returning to the house, Otis and Thelma left with some friends to go to the public library, ostensibly to get books. At mother's suggestion I talked over the telephone with sister and niece Eunice at Winworth, four miles out from Frederick. Then the Jenkinses came down for a brief visit. Also the Misses Stone from next door came in. All remarked that I had taken on flesh. This was true, although I still wore some of the clothes I started with. I was kept talking until a late hour and had no chance to explore my own home. On retiring how strange it seemed to be again alone with my wife. She was looking well and happy and obviously trying to please. No doubt I seemed as strange to her as she did to me if not more so. The children were late in returning and I saw but little of them. Both had grown and matured. When I left in the spring of 1925 Thelma was

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the taller of the two as she had always been; now ^{Otis} ~~he~~ had outgrown her. Thelma was still slender and thin, with a pretty face that she was beginning to disfigure with paint, especially her lips which she painted a glaring red. Otis was large for his age, but well proportioned, and ^{handsome} ~~handsome~~.

Wednesday, August 28, Washington; clear, and hot beyond anything experienced in the tropics. I was up early and explored the house until a late breakfast was ready. I found that wife had made many changes and had purchased some new furniture. I could see that she had gone to extraordinary pains to have the house clean, polished, and in order--not an easy thing to do with an old house badly in need of repairs. After breakfast I opened up the baggage and distributed the presents I had brought. Then I went around to the shops in Stoneleigh Court and bought a straw hat and some other things.

Next I walked ~~through~~ old Lafayette Square, passed the White House, and across the ellipse and mall to the Department of Agriculture, ^{once} ~~all~~ such a familiar part of my daily life and now just a little strange. What a singular sensation I had on entering my Bureau of Agricultural Economics, familiar yet strange. The colored messenger and the elevator girl recognized me and were hearty in their welcome and I did not hesitate to shake them by the hand, something that I would not have dreamed of doing when I first came to Washington. Then followed the surprised greetings of friends in the Bureau, and the look that some of them gave me as one risen from the dead, or at least a foreigner, showing conclusively, as was quite natural, that I had been completely out of their minds during the years of my absence. Then for the first time I learned that Mr. Tenney, who was chief when I left, had resigned to join the advisory committee of the fruit growers of California; that Mr. Olsen had been appointed to succeed

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him, and that during his temporary absence from the city Mr. Kitchen was acting chief. I was at once admitted to his office and found with him Mr. ^{H.R.} Tolley of the Farm Management Office. They were very cordial. Mr. Kitchen told me of a Congressional investigation of the Bureau's forecast of cotton prices. It lasted three months and cost \$35,000, and the only result was a Congressional vote forbidding forecasts of the probable trend of cotton prices in future, and that one of the Bureau men receiving a salary of \$5,000 had immediately resigned to do that very thing for a cotton brokerage firm at a much higher salary; and that British and other European cotton men were gradually coming round to the American viewpoint with respect to cotton standards.

After luncheon I called at the office of the Division of Crop Estimates and met many of my former associates. Many of the men were away from Washington. I called at the administrative office of the Secretary and met Dr. Woods who was, as always, friendly and cordial. In his office I also met Mrs. Fealey who was his secretary in 1904 when I entered the service in the Bureau of Plant Industry. She had changed very little in the intervening years.

I felt the excessive heat of Washington more than I did at Djibuti, Batavia, or Singapore and thought that Washington's reputation as being the hottest place on earth was fully justified. In the evening I took the family to a cafeteria on Connecticut Avenue opposite the May Flower Hotel and we had a fairly satisfactory supper. I noticed that a large apartment house was under construction opposite Stoneleigh Court.

Thursday, 30 August, Washington; tropical heat with slight relief from a passing shower. After breakfast I went in a taxi to the office. Many of the officials upon whom I called were out of the

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city. Mr. Marquiss, in charge of the editorial section, was in Europe; Miss Ellerbrock, my former secretary, was on leave. I went across to the Bureau of Plant Industry and found that Dr. Taylor, the chief, was tied up in a committee meeting, but came out promptly when I sent in my card. He said the grape growers of California were in trouble because of overexpansion following the unprecedented demand and high prices ~~following~~ ^{after} the enactment of the dry law. The peach growers of the south were also in trouble for the same reason, peaches ~~being~~ having been in great demand for brandy making. He said the California grape growers had shipped 75,000 carloads in 1927 and had a larger crop in 1928. Called on Mr. Allanson, then assistant chief, but he was out. Called at the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, but he too was out. The Assistant Secretary also was on leave. So also was Dr. Howard of the Bureau of Entomology. Had a brief interview with Mr. Zappone, the disbursing officer, and his assistant, Mr. Nevius. Both looked much older than when I last saw them. When I called at the Bureau of Animal Industry I was told that Dr. Mohler was away. ^P The outstanding impression I got from my visits through the offices was that all my former associates appeared to be much older, just a little surprised to see me, just a little envious, and all rather pessimistic regarding their daily work. I also got the very strong impression that there had been a slump and a slowing down in the Department. I wondered if I seemed as much older to my former friends and associates as they did to me. On the whole I felt just a little disappointed, disappointed in my former associates and in the appearance and atmosphere of the Department, and I wondered if dry rot had set in and whether the enormous appropriations granted by Congress for the Department of Agriculture were really justified. However, I wished to be fair and thought that probably it was I that had changed and that I saw things through different eyes from those when I left it.

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I returned to the house where we had a wonderful Georgia water melon that surpassed anything I had seen in my travels. It was desperately hot. "George," the derelict who did odd jobs about the neighborhood came in. He had been painting a roof in the terrific heat and his arms and face were covered with blisters and inflamed from exposure. Wife dressed his arms and face with some sort of lotion. In my absence wife had purchased an old and badly abused piano from Mr. Currier, Sr., for Thelma. She had taken expensive lessons, much against her will, and when I asked her to play something, she did so rather unwillingly and very haltingly. Clearly she was hopeless so far as music was concerned because she rebelled against the drudgery of the necessary practice. After she went through the ordeal of playing a few pieces on the piano with obvious reluctance and distaste I excused her and found solace in playing some violin records on the phonograph. During my stay at home Thelma never voluntarily sat down to the piano. To her the piano was without interest and an instrument of punishment and it was quite clear that she had no intention of trying to learn to play it, although it was something she could boast about to companions of her own age.

At the American Express office I learned that I could get passage on the Italian liner Augustus leaving New York September 15 and due to reach Naples the 24th. Wife cooked a nice supper. Immediately after supper both children disappeared, leaving wife and I to clear the table and wash the dishes, to walk the streets and return at a late hour. So far neither had expressed the slightest interest in my travels. Thelma was clearly developing into a detestable flapper of a most pronounced type. Otis was as yet just an overgrown boy, awkward and diffident, but with a strong desire to pose.

Friday, 31 August, Washington; cloudy and hot. I visited the safety deposit box, cut the coupons from a few bonds and deposited

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them in bank. Then to the Treasury Department for a blank form of power of attorney which I filled out in favor of the bank so as to avoid further trouble in depositing my United States salary. Curiously enough these salary deposits had been made for many years without question until some blundering clerk had concentrated his legal mind on the question of the legality of such deposits without a formal power of attorney in favor of the bank and had taken upon himself to hold up recent checks--all a matter of infantile red tape.

From the Treasury I walked to the Department of Agriculture, only to find that the people I wished to see were ~~xi~~ "out", either in the field or on vacation. Next I walked across the mall to the temporary building occupied by the accounting office of the bureau and saw some of my old friends, especially Mr. Quinn, the chief, to thank them for passing my accounts and getting the necessary waivers of the regulations because of their irregularities and informalities, due to conditions of travel in foreign countries and the fact that I did not have with me the necessary blank voucher forms. I felt that the credit for this belonged especially to Mr. Quinn who had served in the Philippines and knew something about practical conditions of travel in foreign ~~zk~~ countries. The only disallowance in my accounts had been with respect to rates of exchange. This disallowance, while small, was unjust, because the Treasury Department took upon itself the fixing of rates of foreign exchange arbitrarily and insisted that its published rates only should be allowed, regardless of the fact that a traveler had to pay the rates asked when he bought foreign money in foreign places, that he had no means of knowing what rates were prescribed by the U.S. Treasury Department, that the money changers in foreign countries were not bound by such rates, and that any disallowance for such discrepancies came out of the pocket of the innocent official trav-

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eler. From Mr. Quinn I got a copy of my last letter of authorization which I had not yet seen, as well as a statement of my Bureau account.

Returning to the main office I found Mr. Hughes, business manager, in his office. He agreed to look after checking up my passport and to make a reservation on the steamer leaving on the 15 th. I was rather tired from ~~much~~ much walking and returned to the house at 1 p.m. Wrote some letters. Mother took the children to a theater in the afternoon. We had a good home supper, and then the children disappeared for the evening. *P* I began to have a feeling of disappointment and deep concern regarding them because of their complete indifference to home life, there exxtreme aversion to taking part in routine household duties, their instant attitude of defiance at any suggestion with respect to study, reading, or future career, their complete absorption in their own interests, which seemed to be entirely social and sexual, their brutal and contemptuous attitude toward their foster mother who was obviously becoming their slave of all work, and their lack of curiosity with respect to anything outside of their daily routine of amusements. So far as I could see they had never done any work and never intended to; they had no conception of the value of money, and they felt aggrieved and defrauded if money was not forthcoming to gratify their wants, whims, and fancies. To me it was a distressing situation because I could foresee only trouble, and yet I was powerless at the time because my wife's sympathies were all with the children, and I could be with them only two weeks longer. I could only hope that it was a passing phase of youth which they would outgrow and that when I returned it would not be too late to help them to become selfrespecting and selfsupporting members of society. After a few attempts to discuss the children

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and their unfortunate way of life with my wife I gave up trying because it only seemed to distress her.

Saturday, ~~2~~¹ September, Washington; pleasantly cool. After breakfast Otis took the early bus to Frederick so there would be room for mother in the car with the rest of the family. I walked to the District Building for the tax bill, but the waiting crowd was so great I decided to write for it. Then I visited one of the temporary buildings on 7th Street near the Central Market and saw Dr. B. T. Galloway and Mr. Dorsett. In one of the rooms I encountered Mr. Twitchell, the engineer whom I met at the hospital in Aden. He was planning to leave for Europe the week following. Dr. Galloway was looking well and said he had a small place in Florida where he spent three or four months every winter. Mr. Dorsett said his beloved son had died the previous year shortly after his marriage. Dr. Fairchild was in Quebec~~x~~, after having toured the country by automobile. Peter Bisset was aw^aay. Returning to the house I met Mrs. Bode who had been to Germany with her husband and children, but had been so unhappy in her new surroundings that she left them to return to her own country.

~~(Lombardi, Aug. 31)~~ omit

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Mrs. Bode remained for dinner and repeated the details of her distressing experience in Germany that led to her separation from husband and family, all of which I had already listened to. She now laid particular stress on her statement that the real cause of the separation was her desire to preserve her status as an American citizen. Even so, on returning to the United States she had been required to apply for citizenship papers and to attend a citizenship school for three months and pass examinations before repatriation was granted, although she was born of American parents in the United States and had lived all her life ^{married,} and borne children in the United States, except for some months she spent in Germany with her husband and his family--surely a most egregious assinine requirement that was discreditable ⁱⁿ to the last degree to the intelligence of American lawmakers and officials. I was tired of listening to her German experiences, but with respect to her experience after returning to her own country she had my entire sympathy, and I was extremely indignant at the crass stupidity of bureaucrats in requiring native born citizens to undergo examinations in order to retain their citizenship and live in their own country.

After supper I took mother, wife, and Mrs. Bode to a picture show. The show was disappointing. Against the protest of wife I brought the family home in a taxi.

Trouble with mother

Trouble with adopted children

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Sunday, 2 September, Washington; clear, bright, cool, pleasant day. After breakfast I packed up a number of things to take with us to the farm and then put in time playing phonograph records. At 10.30 "James," a young mulatto, came to drive the car for us, as I hesitated to try to drive after so long a period without practice. The road ^{was} ~~wa~~ full of machines all the way to Frederick. I noted many new houses en route. The fields were still green and to me it was a refreshing sight. There had been ample rains during the summer months and the weeds had prospered. The number of automobiles on the road and in the towns was a matter of continual ^psurprise to me. Two machines colided at the corner of L and 17th Streets almost in front of our house just before we left. Half way to Frederick two other machines had colided. The other side of Gaithersburg we saw a bus by the roadside that was injured. Wheat had been harvested, of course, and ~~a~~ most of it was threshed. I also noted an increase in the number of dairy cows to be seen. To me it seemed a beautiful country. At Frederick the streets were lined with parked automobiles and there was heavy traffic between. It seemed only a few years ago that not a single car could be seen away from the larger cities.

After passing through the straggling village of Shookstown

Pages

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inserted

(1928, Sept. Sunny Hill)

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it would be unsafe to try to drive back to Washington through heavy traffic. Again in the evening the Massers took Otis and Thelma to a picture show in Frederick. The young folks seemed to be obsessed with the idea that they must go to all the picture shows. At home I popped some corn which was very good.

Saturday, 8 Sept. Sunny Hill; cloudy and threatening rain. After breakfast I mowed some weeds. Showed sister Nellie some trees I wanted ^{to} ~~then~~ out because they obscured the view. Saw a large black snake below the stone fence. In the afternoon I drove the machine to Frederick with wife on a shopping expedition. The country between was looking beautiful, but there was a luxuriant growth of weeds. We had a nice chicken dinner on our return.

Sunday, 9 Sept. Sunny Hill; a clear hot day with breeze from the west. It is the first day in a week that the sun shone brightly in the morning. After breakfast I walked up Observatory Hill and sat on a ledge of rocks overlooking the valley and the wooded slopes of the mountains. It was quite a wilderness and correspondingly interesting. Rock oaks, hickory, and maples were replacing the blight stricken chestnuts. I walked down the wood road through some pines. For the first time in a week the grass was dry. Leslie and Otis drove to Frederick and brought out James who had come from Washington on the bus. I continued my walk to the lower place and then on to Winworth where we had a nice chicken dinner. The family came down at 4.30 p.m. and we were driven to Washington. James charged me twenty dollars for his two trips out and back, the round trip bus fare^e being four dollars.

At the house I began typing my expense account for August and some press material.

Monday, 10 Sept. Washington; clear and hot. At the office I saw a number of officials and employes. Mr. Kitchen said it had been de-

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cided to send Dr. Gray as delegate to the General Assembly meeting at Rome. I saw Dr. Gray and we discussed the status of the census project and agreed to have an interview with Mr. Steuart, Director of the U.S. Census Bureau. Dr. Stine said that Mr. Hobson, our permanent delegate, ^a was living at Geneva and ^a that the president of the Institute had submitted a scheme for the reorganization of the Institute which Mr. Hobson had approved ~~with the~~ ^{except a} stipulation that the Secretary General should always be an Italian to which he objected.

In the afternoon I learned that the Crop Reporting Board was in session and the members were not accessible. Passing through the Bureau of Plant Industry I met John Ferrall, larger than ever and stone deaf, but he could follow conversation by watching the motion of the lips. He took me into the office of Dr. Walter T. Swingle with whom I first worked on entering the Department of Agriculture in 1904. He had changed but little in appearance except that his rather long hair was nearly white. When I inquired about the date industry in California that he had done so much to help establish he said that it had increased greatly, that no dates were harvested until thirteen years after planting and then steadily increased from year to year, that consumption of dates in the United States had increased greatly, that imports would average about \$5,000,000 a year, that the United States could never hope to produce more than a fraction of the supply, and that unfortunately the industry in the United States was threatened by a scale insect that seemed impossible to eradicate.

Relatⁱve to the pistache nuts from the Mediterranean region, Dr. Swingle said they grew ^w and produced well in California but that the shell of the American grown nut is so hard that as yet no mechanical means of cracking them had been devised.

With respect to the unsatisfactory situation of many farm

...to send Mr. Gray as delegate to the General Assembly meeting at home. I saw Mr. Gray and we discussed the status of the census project and agreed to have an interview with Mr. Stewart, Director of the U.S. Census Bureau. Mr. Stine said that Mr. Johnson, our permanent delegate to the Assembly at Geneva and the president of the Institute had submitted a motion for the reorganization of the Institute which Mr. Johnson had approved. I said that the Secretary General should always be an Italian to which he objected.

In the afternoon I learned that the Gray Reporting Board was in session and the members were not necessary. I asked through the Bureau of Plant Industry I met John Verrell, later than ever and some time later, but he could follow conversation by watching the motion of the lips. He took me into the office of Dr. Walter J. Swingle.

With whom I first worked on entering the Department of Agriculture in 1904. He had changed but still in appearance except that his rather long hair was nearly white. When I inquired about the date of his arrival in California that he had come so soon to help establish the olive industry in California, that he had increased greatly, that no olive were harvested until fifteen years after planting and then steadily increased from year to year, that consumption of olive in the United States had increased greatly, that thousands would average about 25,000,000 a year, that the United States could never hope to produce more than a fraction of the supply, and that unfortunately the industry in the United States was threatened by a single insect that seemed impossible to eradicate.

Relative to the olive, Swingle said they grew and produced well in California but that the olive of the American grown not is so hard that as yet no mechanical means of cracking them had been devised.

With respect to the unsatisfactory situation of olive trees...

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industries, Dr. Swingle thought the situation ^{could be} ~~was~~ ameliorated largely through finding and establishing noncompetitive plant industries. I asked him why it was that the fine, large, deliciously sweet oranges of Palestine were not grown in the United States, oranges that to me seemed to be the finest in the world. He said that this superior variety was already being grown at different places in the United States. Then he related that many years ago some stocks of this orange had been introduced into the United States under the name of ~~Xxxxx~~ "Jaffa Orange," but it was not the true stock and when the stock came into bearing it was found to be very inferior and disappointing so that nurserymen and others became greatly prejudiced against it.

I asked about the fate of his hybrid orange, the "citrange," and he said it had proved to be very particular about soil and wintering requirements, and that the fruit produced in certain localities is superior, but in others very inferior.

Returning to the bureau I visited the members of the Crop Reporting Board after they were released. There I met Messrs. Callander, Gage, Jones, Sheppard, Becker, Taylor of Virginia, and Paxton of Kansas. They all looked about the same as when I last saw them, only a little older and heavier. I invited them to take dinner with me the following day, but most of them had engagements. Mr. Gage took me to the house in his car.

I took the family to a restaurant for supper, after which the young folks disappeared and wife and I called at the apartment of Miss Ellerbrock, but she was not in. By mail I received a letter and several cards from Rome, which set me to thinking about Rome and my friends there.

Tuesday, 11 Sept. Washington; clear and hot. After reaching the bureau Dr. Gray and I walked across the mall to the Census Bureau

(1928, Sept. Washington)

E--3428

and had an interview with Mr. Steuart, the Director. After I had explained the main points of the census questionnaire adopted by the Institute Mr. Steuart said it suited him exactly and he expressed the hope that the Department of Agriculture would be satisfied with it. He said he was in Rome at the time the Institute was organizing and that there was much criticism of Lubin, the Prussian delegate going so far as to suggest that Mr. Lubin should withdraw. Mr. Steuart also informed me that he had attended the statistical conference at Cairo in 1927. He further expressed the opinion that Mr. Hobson's aggressive tactics at the International Institute of Agriculture were unnecessary and harmful.

Next we had an interview with Mr. S. Austin, Chief of the Agricultural Division. He seemed surprised that Mr. Steuart had expressed approval of the world census schedule and suggested that it would be well to get that expression in writing, because it was difficult to get any decision in writing from the Director and but little dependence could be placed upon anything he said unless it was in writing.

On the way back I bought some clothing and went to the bank. Had ~~xxxxxxx~~ a satisfactory interview with Assistant Secretary Dunlap, who seemed interested in my account of the progress of the census project. At the Bureau Mr. Bonney Youngblood called. I had known him for many years as the Director of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, but during my absence he had been shifted to Washington as a cotton economist. He said that a machine had been developed in Germany to separate cotton fibers by length; that he was in Brazil in 1922, saw the world exposition at Rio de Janeiro, and visited several provinces, and was offered a good salary to remain there.

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Then I had a visit from Sr. Eduardo Romas^cin, Eng^eineiro Agronomo, of La Paz, Bolivia. He said he was sent by his government to study the statistical organization of various governments and after leaving the United States he expected to return by way of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. He said that Bolivia had no statistical service, but that he expected to organize one and he assured me of full cooperation in the census. This made it unnecessary to visit Bolivia.

In the evening I took the family to a restaurant for supper. After our return visitors arrived; Mr. and Mrs. Callander, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and their daughter Ruth, and Virginia Thomas and Walker Chapman, two friends of Thelma and Otis. We talked and had refreshments until they left shortly before midnight.

Wednesday, 11th Sept. Washington; partly cloudy, very sultry, and threatening rain. At the Bureau I saw Mr. Olsen for a few minutes, he having just returned from a long trip. Dictated an interview with Mr. George of the press service about the census project and the progress made. I glanced over the "Official Record" and noted the many changes that had been made in organization and personnel since during my absence.

On the walk home I stopped at a bookstore and bought a copy of "Our Times--America Finding Herself" by Mark Sullivan. Emma Burton, wife's niece, came up from Richmond especially to see me before I left on my next trip.

In the afternoon Mr. E.S. Haskell spent several hours with me explaining the situation in Persia where he had served two years in charge of agricultural activities as an employe of an international commission. He said that Persia was barely selfsustaining. It is a dry land country and practically all production is under irrigation. He said that within two years the American Commission had given Persia a surplus instead of a deficit. However, the Com-

(1928, Sept. Washington)

E--3430

mission was forced to leave as the result of the jealous ~~intrig~~ diplomatic intrigue of other countries. Mr. Haskell found himself out of employment and had not yet succeeded in finding another engagement.

I stopped in a cigar store and noticed a sign to the effect that any defective pipe would be replaced by a new one. I pulled out a pipe I was carrying that had split down one side. When I showed it to the clerk he promptly told me to select any one I wished.

My railway and steamer tickets were delivered to me in the afternoon.

Thursday, 13 Sept. Washington; bright and hot. At the bureau I visited a number of offices and bid good bye to friends. Dr. Gray, who expected to attend the General Assembly meetings in Rome, asked me to engage hotel accommodations for him, ^a saying that he would telegraph me from Paris the exact date of his arrival. I called on Mr. Zapponi, the Disbursing Officer, regard^{ing} my credit for the Departmental Relief Association. He spoke sadly of the many changes in personnel that had taken place in recent years. ^{PP} Had an interview with Mr. Olsen who seemed concerned about follow up work for the census and seemed to think it would be necessary for me to remain in Rome through the census year. I told him I expected the work of organization to be completed within six to nine months and that thereafter the work would be purely routine. He had before him a typewritten transcript of the interview I had dictated for the editorial office on the situation of agriculture throughout the world, to the general effect that farmers ^{were} ~~are~~ dissatisfied and ^{had} ~~have~~ about the same problems in all countries. This manuscript met with unqualified praise from Dr. Steine^e who read it before it went to Mr. Olsen. Dr. Stein^e was about ^{the} ~~the~~ last man in the bureau who could be expected to praise anything I wrote, but Mr. Olsen thought that if it were published the Democratic critics

mission was forced to leave as the result of the Japanese attack
diplomats in the of other countries. Mr. Marshall found himself
out of employment and had not yet succeeded in finding another em-
ployment.

I stopped in a cigar store and noticed a sign to the effect
that any defective pipe would be replaced by a new one. I smiled
out a pipe I was carrying that had split down one side. When I showed
it to the clerk he graciously told me to select any one I wished.
My railway and steamer tickets were delivered to me in the
afternoon.

Thursday, 13 Sept. Washington; bright and hot. At the Bureau
I visited a number of offices and bid good bye to friends. Mr. Gray,
who expected to attend the General Assembly meetings in Rome, asked
me to engage hotel accommodations for him, which he would tele-
graph me from Paris the exact date of his arrival. I called on Mr.
Lagom, the Planning Officer, regarding credit for the Departmental
Hotel Association. He spoke kindly of the many changes in personnel
that had taken place in recent years. Had an interview with Mr. Olsen
who seemed concerned about follow up work for the Bureau and seemed to
think it would be necessary for me to remain in Rome through the year.
I told him I expected the work of organization to be com-
pleted within six to nine months and that thereafter the work would
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agriculture was ^{fund} ~~dis~~ ^{assisted} ~~assisted~~ and ^{was} ~~was~~ about the same problems in all
countries. This manuscript met with unqualified praise from Mr. Olsen
who read it before it went to Mr. Olsen. Dr. Olsen was about ^{the} ~~last~~
man in the Bureau who could be expected to praise anything I wrote.
But Mr. Olsen thought that it was published the Departmental edition

(1928, Sept. Washington)

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of the Department would use it as ammunition against the administration for trying to stress the situation of the American farmer. I asked if he had any doubt as to the substantial accuracy of my statement and he replied that he had none, but thought it would not be expedient to publish such a statement because of the complications that might arise. I said that that was a matter for him to decide, because I had been absent so long that I was not aware that complications could grow out of a short, correct statement of world conditions that had been prepared simply for the information of the public and to let American farmers know that they were not alone in their problems and give them a little better perspective. Also I suggested that my conception of the U.S. Department of Agriculture was that it is a fact-finding organization, national and international in scope, and when it had ascertained certain facts it was in duty bound ^{and} under obligation to publish them for the benefit of the public regardless of questions of expediency or political advantage. Mr. Olsen's decision not to ~~sub~~ approve the statement for publication on grounds of expediency did not tend to raise him in my estimation as a public official.

I returned to the house at 4.30 p.m. and began packing up. It was my last night at home with wife and family and I was distressed at the conflict between my longing to remain with them, regret at having to leave Thelma and Otis at a critical stage in their development when both appeared to be heading in the wrong direction, and my looking forward to another ocean voyage, to meeting my friends in Rome, and the conflicting interests that would be developed and discussed at the next General Assembly meeting.

Friday, 14 Sept. Washington; clear and hot. Finished packing in the morning. Had an early telephone message from mother at Winworth ^t wishing me bon voyage. Received a letter from sister. The transfer

(1928, Sept. Washington)

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company came for the baggage at 10.30 a.m. These last hours with wife and family or friends before a long journey are always trying to all concerned. We had talked ourselves out and what more could we say? All I could do was to assure the family that this was to be a short absence and that I would rejoin them before the Christmas holidays. The children felt awkward and did not ^{know} what to do with themselves, and no doubt heartily wished I was on my way. They had nothing to say because they were not interested and yet did not feel free to look up their playmates. Wife busied herself with household work. I read some in Sullivan's "American Finding Herself" which I enjoyed greatly.

We had a light luncheon at noon, and at 12.15 p.m. I bid good bye to the family and to the Jenkinses up stairs. Then I took Otis in the taxi with me to the Rawleigh Hotel where he was to take the bus for Frederick to spend a few days at Winworth with sister and mother. The train for New York left at 1.45 p.m. I enjoyed the ride in spite of the heat. Near Philadelphia I saw Michell's seed farm and Thorburn's experimental farm, both aglow with the bright colors of cannas and scarlet sage. Reached New York at 6 p.m. On the Jersey side the sun was setting and the windows of Newark were aflame. At the railway station there was some delay in finding my baggage. There⁴¹ I had supper, bought a book, got my baggage into a taxi and was driven up Broadway from 32d Street to 57th Street and then to the pier. Broadway was brilliantly lighted, there were many theaters, and traffic congestion halted the cab at every corner.

At the pier I went aboard the Augustus. My cabin was a small inside one and several decks below the main deck, because the government requires its officials to travel at minimum rates. The regulations also require that officials shall travel only on United States ships, except it can be shown that none are available at the time

(1928, Sept. N.Y.)

E--3433

or sailing directly between point of departure and destination. I was about to make a voyage on an Italian ship because I had submitted a written statement to the effect that I had ascertained upon inquiry that no United States ship was scheduled to sail direct from New York to Italy in the near future and that it would cost more to make the trip to Rome via French ports.

After getting settled in my cabin I made a tour of inspection and decided that it was a wonderful ship, the finest I had ever seen. It was a monster ship, seven stories above the water line, and the top deck was on a level with the tops of the smokestacks of other ocean liners near by. The promenade deck was 348 feet on one side and seven turns of the deck were equal to a nautical mile. On the fourth deck above the water line was a magnificent salon that was at least forty by sixty feet and beautifully decorated, with a wide promenade deck outside, and back of it was a beautiful dining saloon. On the deck above was a large smoking lounge and bar, and forward was a large nursery fitted with all sorts of toys and apparatus for amusing the children. The top deck was open to the sky and fully equipped for sports of various kinds, tennis courts and the like, and a great open air swimming pool with white tiled bottom and sides, and bath rooms, chairs, and lockers. The Augustus was said to be the largest motor ship in the world. From the top deck one had a good view of the shipping in the river and of the electric towers and lights of the city. Surely this was the finest ship, the largest, the most commodious, and the most luxuriously finished and furnished I had ever seen. I remained on the upper deck as the ship passed slowly down the river at midnight, past the canyons and lights of the business section, the mouth of the East River and the lights of the Brooklyn bridge, the Statue of liberty, and Staten Island, with electric lights twinkling like fairyland. With the silent pageant of the night

(1928, Sept. N.Y. Naples)

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passing before my eyes my thoughts reverted to the family I had left in Washington. I greatly wished that my wife might be with me on this voyage so that we might enjoy it together. As for the children I felt that at their stage of development they were wholly incapable ^{either} of appreciating the privilege of such a voyage or of learning anything from it or in Italy. To them it would simply be a picture show, and a very dull one compared with the character of picture shows they preferred. After the visitors were sent ashore there did not seem to be many passengers.

Saturday, 15 Sept., to Naples; cloudy, cold, rough sea. Had a nice ^a ~~sit~~ water bath and a good breakfast. Went up to the smoking room to read; had a martini and ordered a bottle of whiskey sent to my cabin. I engaged a deck chair and got out my steamer rug. Spent the forenoon reading detective stories. Not many passengers. Had an excellent luncheon and a bottle of wine. Had a drink of whiskey and went to bed for a nap. Awoke at midnight; had a smoke, and a drink of whiskey, and again fell into delicious slumber.

Sunday, 16 Sept. to Naples; clear and bright; blue sky and calm sea; warmer. Awoke at 8 a.m. feeling completely rested. Reading a collection of detective stories. After luncheon I watched some dummy horse races on the deck for awhile and then slept from 2 to 8 p.m. Had an excellent dinner and watched motion pictures until 11 p.m. Took several turns around the deck before retiring.

Monday, 17 Sept., to Naples; partly cloudy and warmer. Still reading detective stories. Getting acquainted with my neighbors in the deck chairs. On my ~~right~~ right was a very dignified young gentleman from Colombia who said he was a sculptor and had lived seven years in Chicago. On my left was a middle aged gentleman, wife and daughter, named Newkirk, from Mont Clair, N.J. They were

(1928, Sept. to Naples)

E--3435

Very agreeable people and I sat with them after dinner. In the evening there was music and dancing, but not many dancers. In the afternoon the deck steward piloted Mr. Newkirk and myself and two other gentlemen through the second class portion of the ship. It was better than first class on many ships I had seen. There were immaculately clean kitchens, dining saloons, lounge and bar, all clean, spacious, and well lighted and ventilated. We were taken down into the great engine rooms, but could not see much. The ship was equipped with four Diesel motors, ^{each} capable of developing 8,000 horse power. Crude petroleum was used for fuel. There were four propellers. The ship was 800 feet long and 90 feet wide, had eight decks, and was rated at 32,000 tons.

I spent most of the night in bed reading detective stories.

Tuesday, 18 Sept. to Naples; cloudy, gloomy day, with agitated sea. Overslept and was awakened by the steward. I got an Italian novel from the library and found it rather dull. In the evening we had moving pictures that were disappointing, but the music was good. The menu cards carry old Roman pictures which are decorative but laughable if one is at all critical, because of their poor drawing, and lack of proportion and perspective. For example, bulls are shown pulling ^tcars without any visible yoke, harness, or other attachment to the vehicle, and war horses only half as tall as their warrior riders. The interior decorations of the ship were pleasing. Two large saloons were finished in red laquer.

I had come to like my little inside cabin, which was well lighted and ventilated, and quiet. Once the door was closed I had absolute quiet and privacy except for the rhythmic throb of the engines.

Wednesday, 19 Sept. to Naples; cloudy, showers, cool, with agitated sea and white caps running. The ship was very steady. Reading

(1928, Sept. to Naples)

E--3436

"Passa L'Amore" by Luigi Capuana, which seemed rather dull after the series of detective stories I had just finished reading. When not reading I dozed and slept and had no desire for exercise. Most of the other passengers seemed to be in the same quiescent state. But sleeping or reading I was conscious of the throbbing of the engines, the noise of the wind in the rigging, the swishing of waves as they ran hissing along the sides of the ship, and the regular rise and fall of the bow like a giant hobby horse galloping or rocking its way across the pathless deep.

Thursday, 20 Sept. to Naples; cloudy and cold, high wind and sea. The decks were deserted. Reading and sleeping. Decided that I did not like even the best of Italian cooking, although the meals on the Augustus were unquestionably superior to those served in most of the Italian hotels. After supper there was music, which was excellent, and motion pictures, which were abominable.

Friday, 21 Sept. to Naples; bright, warm and pleasant for first time on this voyage. Had a long conversation with the Colombian sculptor. On the top deck I watched some shapely young women in the swimming pool. Slept most of the afternoon. Several ships western bound were sighted. The Daily Radio News contained an account of an extraordinary hurricane in Florida with great loss of life and property. Spent most of the evening with other passengers in the social lounge listening to an excellent concert by the orchestra.

Saturday, 22 Sept. to Naples; fair, hazy, with hot sun and calm sea. Shortly after 9 a.m. we came in sight of the Spanish and Moroccan coasts showing dimly through the haze. A large school of porpoises maneuvered near the ship. We passed many freighters and saw one beautiful white yacht. At noon we steamed past the great rock of Gibraltar shining white and clear in the bright sunlight. On top of the rock was a small castle. Also one could see some large guns

(1928, Sept. to Naples)

E--3437

mounted on the very peak. After luncheon Gibraltar ~~sunk~~ sank into the west and I took a long nap. This was carnival night in the dining saloon and at every table was a paper cap, a tin trumpet, a rattle, a whistle, a China ash tray, a leather covered photograph album, and a ribbon bearing the ship's name. Also champagne was served. Some of the masquerade costumes were very attractive. After the coffee and music came a fancy dress ball, with more champagne, but it was hot and uncomfortable and I decided to go to my cabin and relax and read.

Sunday 23 Sept. to Naples; forenoon fair and very hot; afternoon cloudy and cooler; rising sea. The day's run was 476 miles. Had a long nap in the afternoon. Then conversation with the Newkirk family who invited me to dine with them when they visited Rome. The steward brought to me the guest book of the ship and asked me to write my name in it. Had a wireless message from Mr. Longobardi asking me to ^rite when my train would reach Rome. Had an excellent supper followed by music and moving pictures. Began to pack up in my cabin.

Monday, 24 Sept. to Naples; beautiful day with racing sea. All the passengers were much concerned about the number and amount of tips they were expected to give and there was much furtive discussion among them about it.

At 2 p.m. we came in sight of Ischia, a little later Capri, Vesuvius, Naples, and the towns and villages around the crescent bay. This dreamscape of shining bay, jewel islands, smoking volcano, and the creamy-pink habitations of man, were smiling in the bright afternoon sunbeams softened by a delicate golden haze that enveloped everything. Seen in these special conditions of sunlight and atmosphere the harbor of Naples had few rivals among the beautiful harbors of the world, surpassing for the moment the harbor of Rio de

(1928, Sept. Naples)

E--3438

Janeiro, Hongkong, Sydney, the Golden Gate, Cape Town, and New York. Vesuvius ^a was especially attractive because of its symmetry and the great column of rosy white vapor rising slowly and majestically from its summit and floating lazily away into the blue sky.

It was about 5 p.m. when the great ship drew up to the wharf. The Newkirk family attached themselves to me because this was their first experience in landing on foreign soil and they were somewhat apprehensive. We filed before the immigration officers and when I exhibited my passport/ they glanced from one to another and then at me and with one accord rose and gave me the Fascist salute, much to my astonishment and ^a that of my fellow passengers. The leader then asked if there was anything they could do for me and I said no because I had wired ahead for a hotel reservation. The Newkirks followed me to the rail of the promenade deck and were greatly impressed with the reception of the officials. Just then one of the officials approached, saluted, and said he would take charge of our baggage. He signalled porters who took my baggage and that of the Newkirks ashore, we following, and there I was introduced to the captain of police and the chief of the customs service. Without opening the baggage two taxies were called and we were escorted to them through a double line of police who saluted as we passed. The official who brought us out got into the taxi with me to see me safely to the hotel. He spoke English quite well and said he had lived in New York city eleven years. I remarked the neat and clean appearance of Naples in contrast to its former appearance and suggested that perhaps it was part of the progressive program of Il Duce. He said that it was and that Mussolini was a great man. He added rather proudly that under the new regime the father of every boy received special favors, such as a small cash payment on the birth of the child, and if there

(1928, Sept. Naples)

E--3439

were a number of male children he was given a certificate that entitled him to ride free on the tram cars, and sometimes there was a reduction in his taxes. Then he drew himself up proudly and said "I am the father of eleven boys." On separating at the hotel I slipped a fifty lire bill into his hand, which was acknowledged with a nod and a broad smile.

I went to the Hotel Londres where I had stopped before. As soon as I was settled in my room I looked up the agent for the American Express Company and arranged to have my trunk and large suitcase checked through to Rome and for the purchase of a railway ticket and seat reservation on the morning train. I walked to a large pavilion across from the palace of the Neapolitan kings where I had a vermouth, purchased a bottle of cognac, and read the evening papers. At 7 p.m. the shutters were closed. Had a very unsatisfactory supper at the hotel. Took a walk after supper and found the streets almost deserted and very quiet. Near the hotel I was approached by three different hack drivers who proposed to take me to see the Pompein dance of naked girls at twenty lire each (about \$1.00). These drivers were persistent and I had difficulty in shaking them off. Saw a placard in a window pricing wine at thirteen to twenty cents a liter, which is a little more than a quart. There was a notable absence of automobiles and carriages on the street at night.

Tuesday, 25 Sept. Naples-Rome; clear, bright, warm day. I left on the 9.05 a.m. train for Rome. I recognized the familiar outskirts of Naples and the market garden district and then the train switched to a new road recently opened along the sea coast. The ground was wet and men were plowing in the fields. About the villages I saw the familiar white cattle, light gray, black or tan donkeys, chickens, pigs, sheep, goats, peasants working the gardens

(1928, Sept. Naples-Rome)

E--3440

and fields, the ugly houses in which they lived, and the wine grapes hanging low and heavy on the vines. In several places the ground had been thrown up in enormous ~~ridges~~ furrows, showing that great plows and tractors had been used. Two men were in the same compartment with me, but neither of them spoke. After a time I recognized the Alban hills and villages near Rome, Monte de Calvo, Rocca da Papa, Marino, Frascati, and other familiar objects, such as the watch towers, the ruined aqueducts, the Appian Way, and then the dome of St. Peters, and portions of the old city wall. The train slowed down at the big station, and there was Guidi, my messenger, waiting to carry out my baggage, and outside the gate was the official Casetta family, Mr. Longobardi, Dr. Salto, and Miss Vanzetti.

Mr. Longob^Dardi accom^Apanied me to the Minerva Hotel. Had luncheon in the hotel, and returning to my ~~X~~ room found that the baggage had been delivered. I took a taxi to the office, stopping en route to buy some cigars and at the American Express to buy some Italian money. The streets looked exactly as they did when I last saw them nearly two years before and I felt quite at home. The little Casetta building looked quite attractive. My room was decorated with flowers and on the walls were two large maps showing my world itin^{er}ary and the countries that had promised cooperation in the census. I spent the afternoon talking with Messrs. Longobardi and Salto, and for awhile with Miss Vanzetti. At 5 p.m. we closed the office and Messrs. Longobardi and Salto walked with me to the hotel. On the way we stoppe^dd at a restaurant for coffee and at other places to buy a new hat.

I was rather tired when I reached the hotel at 6.30 p.m. Had supper at the Ristorante San Carlo and the waiters gathered about to shake hands and welcome me back--this after an absence of eighteen months. Near the hotel I stopped in a wine shop and was greeted warmly by the proprietor who remembered me.

(1928, Sept. Rome)

E--3441

Wednesday, 26 Sept., Rome; clear and cold. Drove to the office and had a long talk with Miss Vanzetti. Visited the main building of the Institute and had an interview with President de Michaelis who congratulated me on my remarkable success in securing the co-operation of so many different countries in the census project. I had spoken English for so long that at first I had some difficulty in expressing myself in either French or Italian. He asked me to prepare a statement of not over two pages indicating the countries that might be expected to take a good census and those in which lack of organization and experience make it impracticable to obtain complete results. I called at the offices of Dr. Van Rijn of Holland and Mr. Thompson of Great Britain, but neither was in, and so with other members of the Permanent Committee. Sr. Balboa of Spain, however, was very affable. Sr. Brebia of Argentina also was very cordial. He said there was much apprehension in official circles in Argentina as to what would happen under the new administration of Irrigoyen that was to begin in October. He said he had a cable message from the Argentine Minister of Agriculture to the effect that Argentina could not be represented on the committee of statisticians to consider the census project, and he had asked the Permanent Committee to change the date of the General Assembly meeting until after the change of administration in his country. He seemed much pleased when I said the statistical bureau in Argentina was one of the best equipped and efficient I had seen in my travels. Next I saw Mr. Dore, chief of the statistical division and temporarily acting as secretary general. He advised me ~~that~~ that he, Mr. Hobson, and I had been designated by the Permanent Committee to represent the Institute at an Economic Conference at Geneva in November to consider a scheme for a world wide survey. He asked me to give a talk to the personnel of the Institute

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E--3442

before the meeting of the General Assembly and to prepare an agenda for the meeting of international statisticians, which I promised to do. In the corridor I ~~met~~ met Mr. Walsh who said that on his vacation in England he had attended a meeting of the Empire Committee and through his efforts and those of Mr. Thompson reference was made in its report to the census project urging the countries of the Empire to take part in it.

In the afternoon I read through an accumulation of mail. Also listened to Miss Vanzetti talk about her salary and her feeling toward the Institute. She said she had declined to take any part in the General Assembly meeting as clerk, interpreter, etc., because of her physical condition. As a matter of fact she was in delicate health and in trying to supplement her meager salary by outside night work she was unquestionably ~~ex~~ working beyond her strength. A

At luncheon time Messrs. Longobardi and Salto followed me to the restaurant and I invited them to take luncheon with me, which they ~~not~~ did. On leaving the office in the evening both Dr. Salto and Miss Vanzetti accompanied me half way down the Corso. Finally Dr. Salto left us to catch a tram. Miss Vanzetti remained with me, although she ~~had~~ had said she wanted to catch a tram that would take her to the apartment house in which she lived. I took her into a cafe near the Piazza d'Espagna and we had coffee together and talked until after 7 p.m. She talked very frankly about many things. I had supper alone ~~at~~ at a little restaurant near the Pantheon.

Thursday, 27 Sept. Rome; clear and hot. At the Z office I listened to a long talk about the affairs of the Institute. Then to a still longer talk by Mr. Hodgson, librarian, who had just returned from a trip. Most of his talk also was mere gossip. I list-

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ened to all this gossip from Miss Vanzetti and Mr. Hodgson simply for information that might give me a better idea of some of the cliques and cross currents in the Institute; also because it gave me an insight into the characters of these two interesting personalities. He told a tale about Mr. Ferguson, the new chief of the Division of Economics, who was a most peculiar individual and who had become obsessed with the idea that his mail was being tampered with and his telephone conversations overheard, and who always kept a loaded ~~revolver~~ revolver in his desk. Mr. Hodgson who had tried to disabuse his mind of these fancies finally conceived the idea of playing a practical joke on him. To several employes he casually called attention to some telephone wires that were being run from the office of the Secretary General to that of Mr. Ferguson and ^{hinted} that there was a dictaphone attached to the end of one of the wires in the office of the Secretary General so that he could hear every word spoken in the office of Mr. Ferguson. On seeing the loose end of a wire near a closet Mr. Ferguson at once jumped to the conclusion that the rumor of the dictaphone was well founded and he immediately rushed around to tell other employes to be very careful ~~what~~ they said in the Institute building because they were all under surveillance. Everyone else was in the secret, of course, and they encouraged him in the belief that he was being spied upon, until he mentioned it in confidence to a newspaper man, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Hodgson prevented the story from getting into diplomatic channels. I learned ~~that~~ from Mr. Hodgson that Dr. Gray, who went ^{with} to the Egyptian government as chemist, had died while on summer vacation, the result of running short of insulin which he was compelled to take for diabetes. He was a most capable and lovable gentleman. The Hodgsons had occupied Dr. Gray's house while he was away. Mrs. Gray had returned and soon became involved in an amour with an Italian count, and the

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E--3444

Hodgens had found another place. Such is life.

I started Dr. Salto out to find a firm that could run off 200 photographic copies of the map showing my itinerary in connection with the world census. I drafted a report on the progress of the census project which I dictated to Miss Vanzetti directly on the typewriter because she could not read shorthand.

(Robson, 25 Sept.--follows letters of later date--yellow folder) *over*

(1928, Sept. Rome)

E--3445

Friday, 28 Sept. Rome; clear and very hot. In the forenoon the Newkirks called and invited me to dine with them at the Castello de Cesare. Had an interview with Mr. Montgomery, assistant chief of economics. Dictated and sent over a report to the Secretary General on my trip from Lima.

The dinner with the Newkirks in the evening was a pleasant affair. They had come up from Naples by automobile and had seen a good deal of Rome in a short time. Unfortunately there was no music and we were the only guests, but the food was excellent as usual. They invited me to go with them to the Hotel Russie and see Mr. Tunney, the champion heavy weight pugilist, but I declined on the ground that I had work to do and was not interested in pugilists.

~~(Secretary General, 28 Sept. Rome, yellow folder)~~ omit

(1928, Sept. Rome)

E--3446

Saturday, 29 Sept. Rome; clear and hot. On checking up my bank account I was agreeably surprised to find it larger than I had expected, which gave me a comfortable feeling. I met Dr. Van Rijn, delegate from Holland, who was much exercised at the harsh letter written by Mr. Hodgson to the President of the Institute tendering his resignation. Later Mr. Hodgson came to me and said the President had sent for him and permitted him to withdraw the letter, after agreeing to certain changes he had recommended. The Institute was closed in the afternoon, but I remained to read through various reports that were to be submitted to the coming General Assembly. Mr. Thompson's report was really constructive; Mr. Hobson's was simply critical.

At 4.30 p.m. I went with Messrs. Dore and Longobardi to the Quirinal Hotel, Via Nacional, and met the chief of the census bureau of Brazil, Señor Guzmão, and we had coffee together. He produced a form of census questionnaire for Brazil based on the standard form of the Institute. Conversation was carried on in Portuguese by Señor Guzmão, Spanish, by me, and Italian by Messrs. Dore and Longobardi. Mr. Dore proposed a sightseeing trip, but I declined on the ground of a previous engagement. ~~Rome; clear and hot. Slept late and dressed~~ leisurely. After my breakfast of a cast iron roll and some inky black coffee I walked to the Piazza Venetia and sat at a little table in front of a restaurant, and read the morning papers, and watched the varied life of the street. Visited the ruins of Trajan's Forum and took some pictures. I counted forty cats within the excavated inclosure. They seemed well fed and contented.

(Wife, 30 Sept. Rome, yellow folder---8th Oct. precedes former letter)

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E- -3449

Monday, 1 Oct. Rome; forenoon rain; afternoon, bright and hot. At the office I read through a collection of census forms of sixteen countries. The one from Switzerland was excellent. Sr. De Campos telephoned that Sr. Guzman, director of the Brazilian census office, was in his room. Mr. Longobardi and I went over at once and discussed some questions that had been raised by Sr. Guzman. In the afternoon Mr. Thompson, British Delegate, called and we had a pleasant interview. He asked if I had prepared anything in the nature of a program for the meeting of statisticians and I showed him a list of subjects that Mr. Longobardi had drawn up at my request, which he thought would be quite sufficient. Miss Vanzetti came in from time to time during the day and gave not the slightest sign that we had met on any footing other than the strictly official one at the office.

I left the Casetta office shortly after 5 p.m. and had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Sauter (Miss Broad that was, my former secretary). Both looking much better than when I last saw them. They had rooms on the fourth floor of an old building on Via Marghetta ~~in~~ in an artists quarter. The walls were hung with paintings by Mr. Sauter, including a recent portrait of Mrs. Sauter. At her request he showed me a large portfolio of pencil drawings of many distinguished men who had sat for him, *such as Bismark and other Prime Ministers,* which were among the best I had ever seen. *They were really character studies.* Also he had a collection of photographs he had taken during the war of famous paintings in London, lest the originals might be destroyed by bombing. Many of the originals were in private collections. He said he had a collection of his own paintings in the United States and was trying to have them put on exhibition in Philadelphia. He suggested that I sit for him, but I assured him that I was neither ~~distinguished~~ *Baron* nor had sufficient funds to pay for the services of a *distinguished artist.*

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3450

He suggested that sometimes a portrait is a good investment and cited the case of a portrait by Whistler for which an English gentleman paid one thousand pounds, but which later sold for thirty thousand. I left at 7 p.m. and walked to the Ristorante San Carlo where I had an unsatisfactory supper and had to wait a long time for the account, so that it was 10 p.m. when I reached my room.

Tuesday, 2 Oct. Rome; clear^a and pleasant. Began studying the replies received from various governments with respect to the methods proposed for taking their censuses. Had two interviews regarding the census with Mr. Dore, Acting Secretary General, and one with Vice-President Louis Dop. Began drafting an address for the statistical conference that was to precede the General Assembly meeting. Miss Vanzetti came down to say that the electric light in her room was out. Also she said she was thinking of renting an apartment near the Piazza del Popolo. Mr. Montgomery, assistant chief of economics, walked with me as far as the San Carlo, so I invited him in to lunch. He was a confirmed pessimist and said his scheme for economic research had never been considered by the Institute. I reached the hotel at 5.30 p.m. and typed my expense account for September. Wrote some letters; one to the American Express asking them to transfer \$2,000 to my bank account in Washington; and sent a check for \$500 to my sister. Noticed that I was losing weight, probably because I did not like Italian cooking. Apparently I could never hope to overcome my instinctive aversion to olive oil which is used so freely and universally in Italy.

(Wife, 2 Oct. Rome, yellow folder)

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3451

Wednesday, 3 Oct. Rome; clear and hot. Miss Vanzetti announced the arrival of Miss Dickson, Mr. Hobson's secretary, and said that Mr. Hobson was expected the following day. ^P President De Michaelis asked Mr. Longobardi to ascertain if the selection of the delegate from Canada would be satisfactory to me as chairman of the international statistical conference, to which I sent back word that it would be an excellent choice and entirely satisfactory to me. ^P Mr. Hodgson came over for a confidential ^a talk. He said the man in charge of the press work of the Institute was greatly exercised over the critical situation of the Institute and was apprehensive of the outcome unless President De Michaelis changed his attitude toward the American delegate. He said he had suggested to the press agent that he believed I was a bigger man in the U.S. Department of Agriculture and in the United States than was Mr. Hobson, and he thought it might be well if I should see the president and assure him that the American government and people are not opposed to the Italian government and people, but are interested mainly in seeing that the Institute is put on an efficient working and administrative basis, with more power and freedom to the Permanent Committee, which should be free to select the Secretary General regardless of nationality. Just then Mr. Ooms, the Hollander who had been placed in charge of tropical agriculture, came in and Mr. Hodgson left. ^P Mr. Ooms was an interesting gentleman who had spent several years in Java. He recommended for census purposes extending the northern hemisphere across the Equator to the south temperate zone, and making a clear separation in the tropics between European and native agriculture, which he said were quite different. ^P When he left Miss Vanzetti came in to report that there was much discussion in the Institute staff as to the probability that I would be offered the position of Secretary General with a

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3452

salary equivalent to ten thousand dollars. ^PSpent the afternoon reading reports that had been prepared and printed for presentation to the General Assembly. As I was leaving Mr. Hodgson joined me and went with me as far as the office of the American Express. As we were passing the Hotel Russie we ^a ~~sw~~ [^] a large crowd on the street and a number of photographers with their cameras trained on the entrance. Just then Mr. Tunney ^{the pugilist,} [^] came out and jumped into a large car and was hastily driven away pursued by three automobiles. ^PAfter a brief stop at the American Express Mr. Hodgson took me to the rooms of the Russian Relief Mission on the hills above the Piazza d'Espagna where we had tea. One of the rooms had on exhibition a collection of ^{souvenir} ~~special~~ articles that were for sale for the benefit of Russian refugees. Mr. Hodgson said the Institute staff were greatly excited over the rumor that I was to be the next Secretary General. He said that the finance committee had recommended that the salary be raised from ~~200x~~ 80,000 lire to 160- or 200,000 lire, but that one of the presidential staff ^{had} ~~could~~ [^] change ^a it to read "for the improvement of the secretariat," so that the entourage of the Secretary General could participate in the spoils. I had ^P ~~super~~ ⁱ at the San Carlo, and Sr. ⁱ Balboa, delegate from Spain, came over to greet me. At the hotel I climbed up two long flights of stairs only to find that my key that usually hung by the door was not there, so I had to walk back to the desk for it.

Thursday, 4 Oct. Rome; raining steadily all day. Mr. Hobson and Dr. Gray arrived last night. I took luncheon with them at the Flora Hotel, and afterwards met the British delegate, Mr. Thompson, the Belgian delegate, Dr. De Vuyst, Vice-President Louis Dop, and the delegate from Argentina, Sr. Brebia. Mr. Hobson was extremely hostile in his attitude toward the Institute. Mr. Thompson said that in the Permanent Committee and in the Finance Committee he had an-

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3453

nounced that unless the position of secretary general was open to the world and that unless the Institute concentrated on certain definite problems, Great Britian would not be disposed to increase her financial support, and that he understood that President De Michælis had said he would not consider any candidate for Secretary General from any country other than Italy. As I was about to leave the office Messrs. Hobson and Gray called and greeted Mr. Longobardi, Dr. Salto, and Miss Vanzetti.

Friday, 5 Oct. Rome; a clear beautiful day. Finished reading reports to the General Assembly. Drew up and outline of my talk ^{before} the statistical conference. Had a call from the delegate from Jugoslavia. Saw Mr. Thompson who agreed to serve as reporter for the statistical committee. Then saw Messrs. Hobson and Gray who agreed to nominate Mr. Thompson for the position. Later I took luncheon with them. At luncheon I suddenly had bowell trouble and suspected it was caused by eating macaroni cooked in olive oil. We had coffee in the lobby with a group of officers of the Institute and a group of delegates, all of whom were very cordial to me. Mr. Dore came over to say that all arrangements were completed for the General Assembly.

Dr. Salto at times reminded me of Mr. Andrews in the Washington office. He was a regular encyclopedia of knowledge and a good statistician, but very modest. He would come into my room with a smile, say little, keep smiling and looking at me in an inquiring way as if I had sent for him and had something to say to him, although I had not, and I was often embarrassed by that silence and expectant look on his part. Both he and Miss Vanzetti accompanied me as far as the Piazza del Popolo and to get rid of them I invited them to take tea with me at Rosatti's.

Saturday, 6 Oct. Rome; clear and cool. I wore my cutaway suit

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3454

and raincoat to the office. The statistical committee of delegates ^awas scheduled to meet at 10 a.m. Shortly before that hour Messrs. Hobson and Gray called to say that they had decided not to take part in the meeting unless I felt that their presence was needed. I said at once that I felt equal to the occasion. They said they had been told by several delegations in confidence that the president of the Institute had notified them that the Italian government would not consent to have any one appointed as secretary general except an Italian, and that if the General Assembly voted against them they would close the building and withdraw financial support from the Institute. Therefore Messrs. Hobson and Gray had decided not to ^participate in the meetings and simply report the facts to the Secretary of Agriculture for action by the State Department.

At 10 o'clock I and my office force went over to the main building where the statistical delegates were gathering. About thirty delegates were present in the General Assembly room. Most of them I had already met, but had difficulty in remembering the names of some of them, although they all seemed to know me. The meeting was called to order by President De Michelis, who stressed the importance of the first universal agricultural census and complimented me highly for my devotion to the project and the remarkable results I had secured. Later I received a formal letter from him to the same effect. Then Mr. Charmain of Canada was elected chairman and Mr. Thompson of Great Britain as reporter.

The first item on the program was a report of progress by me. I made it without notes, speaking slowly and distinctly in English, but with interruptions to permit the interpreter to translate into French and German. At the conclusion there was applause and the Vice-President, M. Louis Dop, gracefully complimented me

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3455

and called for a rising vote of appreciation.

The rest of the day was occupied with discussion of various technical questions, mainly about the date of the census, there being difference of opinion as to whether it should ^a take place in 1930 for 1929 production, as had already been tentatively decided, or in 1931 for 1930 production. At the close of the discussion I ^a appealed to the delegates to make no change in the date agreed upon at the previous meeting of the General Assembly because that date was generally understood and accepted by the statisticians of practically all countries and to change it now would simply cause confusion. This suggestion was accepted unimously, except as to the livestock census. A committee was appointed to study and report on a compromise date for the livestock census, the ~~all~~ delegates being about equally divided as to whether it should be taken in the winter when livestock numbers were at a minimum, or in the summer when they were at a maximum. Then followed a debate on the question of a forest census, the Italian delegates insisting ~~that~~ such a census should be included with the agricultural census.

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--5456

Sunday, 7 Oct. Rome; clear, bright, and pleasant. Had a lovely night's sleep and did not get up until noon. Had luncheon at the San Carlo and then walked to the Casetta office where I read the Sunday papers. From the Casetta I walked through Borghese Park to the gallery of modern art, but it was closed. Returned to the Casetta and leafed through papers relating to the coming meeting of the General Assembly. Just before sundown I walked to Rosatti's on the Piazza del Popolo and found both Mr. Longobardi and Dr. Salto already there and we had tea together. At the hotel I wrote some letters. On coming out for supper I noticed that the doors of the cathedral opposite were open. I stepped inside. There were magnificent columns and naves of large dimensions with sanctuaries and altars on both sides. The great altar in front was illuminated with innumerable electric lights. Up front was a large image of the Virgin Mary and the infant, and priests were going about and turning electric lights on and off. Altogether it was an attractive scene.

(Mother, 7 Oct. Rome, yellow folder).

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3457

Monday, 18 Oct. Rome; clear and pleasant. The statistical commission was in session from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. and 3 to 7 p.m., with Dr. Gray sitting in at the afternoon session. There was a tremendous lot of talk before several sections of the program were approved. The Uruguayan delegate, supported by the delegate from Argentina, advocated the livestock schedule proposed by Sr. Rodriguez, and after long debate it was decided to attach a copy to the appendix of the report. Then followed long and heated discussions of the subject of farm labor and forests.

After adjournment I walked with Mr. Hobson, Dr. Gray, and Mr. Thompson to the Flora Hotel, from which we proceeded to Alfredo's for supper. Again I had bowel trouble from olive oil in the cooking, which had about the same effect on me as castor oil. The only way I counteract the olive oil in Italian cooking was to eat liberally of pickles and drink sour wine.

Tuesday, 9 Oct. Rome; much cooler. The statistical commission met at 10 a.m. with 51 delegates present, representing 29 countries, in addition to the Institute staff. Many questions were up for discussion, but by this time most of the delegates had talked and got their names in the record, so that most of the questions were decided quickly and without argument. We were able to adjourn the meeting at 1 p.m. In spite of the endless and somewhat aimless discussions we were able to bring our program through with very few and slight changes so that I felt the meeting was highly successful. At the conclusion of the meeting there were votes of thanks to the president, the reporter, and a special vote for myself.

Mr. Thompson, upon whom fell the onerous duty of preparing the official report for the General Assembly, asked me to see that the stenographic report was rushed. ^H Just as the session was getting

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E--3458

under way I had a telephone message from a Mr. Peterson, who said he was a member of the ~~Young~~ Council of the Young Men's Christian Association with headquarters at Calcutta. I arranged to have luncheon with him at the San Carlo. He said that his father was a nurseryman near Chicago and specialized on the grōwing of named varieties of peonies, and I remembered having bought some from him. He was given a university education, served in Europe and the far East during the war, and on returning to his home he was told by his father that he must make his own ^away. He worked eight months in the steel mills at Gary and then went into the service of the Y.M.C.A. at Calcutta, and thence to a cotton mill center in India where he established a co-operative store doing a business of \$10,000 a month. He had studied economics under Dr. H. C. Taylor with a view to solving some of the marketing problems in India, and had spent some time in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in Washington. He was now making a tour of central Europe to study the situation of the peasants, which he believed had been much improved as a result of the agrarian movement. I accompanied him back to the Institute and introduced him to Mr. Hobson and Dr. Gray.

The rest of the afternoon I spent in drafting a report that might be utilized by Mr. Thompson in preparing his official report of the statistical commission. Mr. Longobardi was helping the Secretary General, and Dr. Salto was writing up his notes of the meeting for use in checking the official report. Miss Vanzetti was typing memoranda. Guidi, the messenger, was away sick. Poor fellow, he was ill most of the time, and his wife was in the hospital. Generally he seemed to be quite miserable, in spite of his naturally cheerful disposition. A service order was received requiring all employes to remain in their offices until 6.30 p.m. during the period of the Gen-

(1928, Oct. Rome)

ERTO 3459

~~eral~~
eral Assembly. Miss Vanzetti and I left at 6 p.m. and had tea at Rosatti's. After seeing her on the tram car I had supper at the ~~San~~ Carlo.

Wednesday, 10 Oct. Rome; clear, bright, warm day. The General Assembly opened at 10 a.m. with every seat occupied and a group of bureau officials and employes standing clustered about the doors and the speaker's platform. Neither the King nor Premier Mussolini was present. However, among the officials present were the Minister of National Economics, Sr. Martelli; the Assistant Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Sr. Grandi; the Assistant Secretary of State for the Colonies, Sr. Bolzon; the Governor of Rome, Prince Boncompagni; and the Vice-Secretary of the Facisti, Sr. Melchiori; and General Varini of the Militia; and members of the diplomatic corps.

President De Michelis welcomed the delegates. Various ministers made speeches praising the administration of the Institute. The Assembly met again at 3.30 p.m. President De Michelis nominated the Italian Minister of State, Prince Pietro Lanza di Scalea, to serve as vice-president. Then President De Michelis proceeded to nominate all the other officers required, showing that everything had been prearranged, and there was no debate. As soon as the organization was effected the Assembly adjourned.

After 6 p.m. I took Miss Vanzetti to the Ministry of Communications where she left some translations, and then we stopped at a restaurant and had a ~~per~~mouth. After supper I met the delegate of Sweden at the Minerva Hotel where both he and I were stopping.

Thursday, 11 Oct. Rome; clear and pleasant. At 9 a.m. I went to Mr. Thompson's office to discuss the draft of report of the statistical commission and took back the revised manuscript for Miss Vanzetti to type. The General Assembly opened formally at 10.20 a.m.

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3460

President De Michelis led off with a laudatory exposition of the work accomplished under his administration, which took an hour and a half. It was an eloquent address and delivered very effectively. He was followed by the chairman of the British delegation, Sir Charles Thomas, secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture of Great Britain, who said that the British Delegation wished to see the original treaty powers of the Institute exercised, that the General Assembly under the constitution had supreme power to make laws and regulations for the Institute, that the Permanent Committee had supreme power to administer the affairs of the Institute in accordance with the directions of the General Assembly; and that in the judgment of the British Delegation the insufficient funds and resources of the Institute should be concentrated on a few of the most important of its functions, such as the statistical service, the world agricultural census, and the library, and that it should not undertake other work until the necessary funds were provided; and that in the choice of a secretary general the Permanent Committee should be absolutely free and instructed to secure the names of candidates from all countries and make the appointment on the sole basis of qualifications without regard to nationality.

the Am. Delegate, Mr. Hobson followed with a statement of the American position to the ~~and solely for special qualifications; and that unless the Institute could be organized on an efficient basis~~ effect that unless the Institute was truly international in character, unless its officers could be selected and appointed by the Permanent Committee without regard to nationality and solely for their special qualifications, and unless the Institute could be organized on an efficient basis, the United States would have no further interest in it. Unfortunately Mr. Hobson's voice did not carry very well. More unfortunate still, the French interpreter gave his translation in a monotonous voice

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3461

and finally garbled some of Mr. Hobson's statements. Mr. Hobson stood it as long as he could and then interrupted the interpreter to protest that ~~the interpreter~~ was not translating correctly what he had said. The interpreter seemed impatient and just a little contemptuous. He folded up his papers and left the hall when Mr. Hobson insisted that he could not let gross misstatements pass without correction. Then another interpreter proceeded with the translation and seemed to have much difficulty. Dr. Lauer of ~~Six~~ Switzerland suggested that instead of a Permanent Committee there should be a Board of three directors, men of recognized ability and experience who would command the respect of the scientific world. Lastly came a statement by Sir Daniel Hall to the effect that while the Institute, under the constitution, was not limited in the field of agriculture, nevertheless it was strictly limited by its inadequate income and therefore it was highly necessary that its activities be ^{confined} ~~limited~~ to a few of the most important lines of work, such as statistics, the library, and economics. With respect to the so-called scientific research of the Institute, it had been limited to making abstracts, and ~~that~~ the inadequate funds and force of the Institute had been wasted on impossible tasks; that the United States alone was spending \$25,000,000 on the making of such abstracts, which were available to all the world, and that the Institute in its present situation could not hope to compete in such work. I left at this stage of the discussion.

Friday, 12 Oct. Rome; clear, bright, and pleasant. At 9 a.m. I called on Mr. Thompson, who gave me ~~his~~ the revised draft of his report on the census project, which I turned over to Miss Vanzetti to be typed. The General Assembly met shortly after 10 a.m. During the day there was a succession of addresses by many delegates, most of whom referred to a crisis in the the affairs of the Institute,

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3462

and most of them supporting the American and British contentions. After adjournment I walked to the Plaza Hotel with Messrs. Brebia and Richelieu of Argentina, to participate in a tea given by the Spanish Delegate, Sr. Bilbao. About sixty of the delegates were present. The tea party broke up at 7.30 p.m. I walked to the San Carlo for supper.

So far this General Assembly had been exceedingly unsatisfactory to me because of the controversy between the American delegation, backed by the British and Teutonic delegations, and the Italian delegation, backed by the Latin speaking delegations; and the feeling that this controversy and the friction resulting therefrom was due mainly to the aggressive and uncompromising attitude of our Permanent Delegate, Mr. Hobson; that the position taken by each side was entirely logical, but that it had really ~~ht~~ boiled down to a personal altercation between Mr. Hobson and President De Michelis; and my feeling was that if these two were eliminated the whole controversy could have been settled quickly, equitably, and amicably. Such a settlement was impossible with Mr. Hobson, who was animated by implacable hatred of President De Michelis, as head and leader of the American Delegation.

Saturday, 19 Oct. Rome; cloudy, with showers in the afternoon. Mr. Thompson gave me another instalment of his report, which Miss Vanzetti typed. Had Dr. Salto translating Mr. Thompson's report into French. At the meeting of the General Assembly. ~~xxxxix~~ many addresses were delivered, including an impassioned address by President De Michelis in defence of his administration and of the Institute. It was an apologetic statement and would look well in print, but his manner was decidedly aggressive, which was perhaps natural in the circumstances.

Mr. Peterson, the young man from the Y.M.C.A., took luncheon

(1028, Oct. Rome)

E--3463

with me at the San Carlo. I attended a meeting of a sub-committee of the statistical commission to consider Mr. Thompson's report. The delegate from Uruguay was very insistent that his proposed form of livestock schedule should be set forth in full in the supplement. Prof. Gini of Italy was equally insistent with reference to certain forest items and poultry, trying to persuade the committee to call for information in great detail, such as getting the number of chickens of different ages separately, enumerating areas and production of garlic, and the like. After the committee adjourned we went up stairs where an official tea was being given. It was quite a function, the great hall being full of delegates and officials and their wives, an orchestra to supply music, and a long table piled high with refreshments. There I met a number of delegates whom I had met in their offices or homes in my travels and they greeted me most cordially.

As I came out of the restaurant after supper I encountered a pretty, well dressed, little woman who paused and half turned in my direction, which caused me to glance at her face, and she instantly stepped up to my side and took my arm. She walked as far as the Piazza Colona with me and invited me to her room. Said she was a widow and had a child in school and was in dire need of money. I declined her invitation, but gave her five lire. She smiled her thanks and quickly departed.

Sunday, 14 Oct. Rome; clear and cool. Had the usual breakfast at the restaurant facing the Piazza Venezia and then walked a few squares to the Theater Argentina opposite which the high buildings on an entire city block had been demolished for the purpose of bringing to light a portion of antique Rome. I looked through a crack in the temporary board fence and could see old pavements, broken columns, statues, facades, and portions of old walls. Then I passed through

(1928, Oct. Rome).

E--3464

a cordon of Fascisti guards into the theater to witness the presentation of prizes to the winners in the country wide wheat growing contests in the "Bataglia del Grano" that had been organized under Mussolini's direction in order to make Italy as nearly selfsustaining as possible in the production of wheat. The floor, corridors, and five balconies, and every foot of standing room in the great theater was packed with men. On the stage were many Fascisti officials in uniform and about thirty prize winners.

At 10.30 a.m. sharp the military band played the national Fascisti hymn and Mussolini entered accompanied by his cabinet. His face was set and he strode to the front center of the stage with a dramatic flourish, head and shoulders thrown back, and his right hand shot out in the customary Fascisti salute. The audience rose instantly to its feet and there was uproarious and prolonged cheering. The Director of National Economy then addressed the audience, stating the problem and quoting the wheat statistics of Italy and the increase in wheat production that had been brought about in the last four years of propaganda and organization. It was a good showing. Next Mussolini spoke. He held his head high as if looking at the sky. He was paler and more nervous than I had ever seen him, as if the strain of government was ^uearing on him. He carried himself with a swagger and all his actions on the stage were dramatic. He spoke of the fundamental importance of agriculture, praised the growers as warriors at the vanguard of society, promised that their interests should be safeguarded, and in conclusion handed large ornate diplomas or certificates and bank checks ranging from 200 to 10,000 lire in amount to the winners. Altogether it was a spectacular and an inspiring affair.

Had a nap in the afternoon and did some writing.

Monday, 15 Oct. Rome; fair and cold. Miss Vanzetti came in

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to explain that she had intended to wait for me Saturday evening, but it was raining and a girl friend with a taxi offered to take her home. The commission on scientific projects met at 10 a.m. and spent the entire forenoon discussing "documentation." In the afternoon they discussed the recommendations of a wheat congress. There was much confusion and misunderstanding. Mr. Thompson's report was finished and sent to the printer.

At 5 p.m. the delegates met at the Campadoglio, the capitol building of the city of Rome on Capitoline Hill, where refreshments were served in the museum building full of sculptures, tapestries, paintings, and other objects of the old Roman period. I had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Cohen and a girl friend from Copenhagen. Then I met Mr. Thompson taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Dore and at their invitation sat with them for awhile.

After it was all over Mr. Thompson and I walked down the hill to the Piazza Venetia. We caught sight of the other members of the British delegation and Mr. Thompson seemed to wish to avoid being seen by them, so we went into a restaurant and had a whiskey and soda. Mr. Thompson explained that he had been so completely occupied in ^{ep} preparing for the General Assembly and in conferences day and night with the British delegation and at the daily meetings, he wished to slip away where no one could find him for a few hours. We decided to go to Alfredo's for supper. We had scarcely taken our seats when Sir Daniel Hall and Sir Charles Thomas and their wives entered and took seats directly across from us. We all smiled when we saw each other and in that smile I read the guilty consciousness that the other party had tried to slip away from us just as we slipped away from them and each thought that his whereabouts would not be known to the others; and here we were within a few feet of each

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3466

in a little restaurant remote from our hotels. We had fettigini, veal fried in butter, and a Roman egg omelette, with two bottles of wine and two liquers. Mr. Thompson seemed to enjoy himself greatly. The delegation from Checkoslovakia was there also. We had a very pleasant evening together and separated at 11 o'clock.

Tuesday, 16 Oct. Rome; cloudy and cold. The General Assembly opened at 10 a.m. and the delegates discussed various proposals during the forenoon without reaching any conclusion. During the afternoon the census project was reached and Mr. Thompson, the reporter, suggested that inasmuch as the statistical commission of the Assembly had sat for three days in formulating a report, it would not be necessary either to read or to discuss the report that already had the approval of a majority of the commission. The Polish delegate submitted a paragraph on the agrarian reform for inclusion in the supplement to the census program, which was approved. The Esthonian delegate wanted a treatise on census and crop estimating methods presented in connection with the census, but he subsided when Mr. Dragoni, former Secretary General, informed him that such a treatise had already been published and copies were available to all interested. The report of Mr. Thompson was then adopted with very little discussion and no change. Other reports kept the Assembly occupied until 6 p.m.

I walked with Miss Vanzetti through Borghese park to a restaurant near her apartment where we had tea together. We separated at the entrance to the restaurant, she having a dinner engagement. She was a singular woman, tall, slender, blond, no longer young, and rather talkative. However, as one became acquainted with her he came to realize that she was lovely, witty, and vivacious, what a varied experience she had had, and how entertaining she could be. Unquestionably she was a gossip and knew how to flatter. I sus-

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3467

pected she it was that started the rumor in the Institute that I had been selected to be the next Secretary General. She discussed men and measures frankly and intelligently. On the occasion of this tea she said it was whispered about at the League of Nations that I was the only technician of first rate ability at the Institute.

During the day I received a batch of letters that obviously had been opened and sealed again. One of them was from a man in Nebraska who wrote simply, "I hereby apply for a position in the world agricultural census."

Had supper at the Ristorante Umberto of steak, fried potatoes, bread and butter, grapes, wine, and coffee, for twenty lire.

Wednesday, 17 Oct. Rome; clear and cold. Had a fire started in the Casetta. Both commissions of the General Assembly were in session. The first commission had difficulty in making progress because all ^{of} questions of future policy with respect to limiting the work of the Institute so as to keep within the budget, and with respect to what action should be taken regarding governments that were in arrears. It was proposed that governments in arrears in paying their treaty quotas should lose rank and the right to vote in the General Assembly. Mr. Hobson wanted to know if that referred to delinquency under the original treaty of 1905, or delinquency under the amendment to the convention of 1926, which the United States had never signed.

At 5.30 p.m. the delegates walked across to the Pincio Restaurant and had tea and other refreshments given by the British Delegation. I sat with Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson and she asked many questions.

At the hotel I changed to a dress suit and shortly after 8.p.m. went to the Excelsior Hotel to participate in the banquet given by the Minister of Economy of Italy. I was placed at a table with Prof.

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3468

Gini, director of the Italian Central Bureau of Statistics, one Angoran, two Italians, two Japanese, and one South American. In spite of obvious good will and desire to be sociable and in spite of the fact that all of us were supposed to understand French, the official language of the Institute, and each understood more or less of Italian, Spanish, and English, the language difficulty was sufficient to cause each to hesitate and gradually take refuge in dignified silence. I observed a similar state of affairs at the other tables, and the only animated conversations were between the Latin speaking peoples, between the British and Americans, and between the Germans and Scandinavians. The great dining room was brilliantly lighted and decorated, the orchestra was excellent, and the food and wines were of the best. There were only two after dinner addresses and they were admirably short. I got away at 10.30 p.m. and walked across the city to my hotel.

Thursday, 18 Oct. Rome; clear and cold. For some unknown reason my two watches were both fast; the nickel watch from Moscow one hour, and the gold watch from Geneva twenty-five minutes fast; so I was up early. At the office had a telephone message from Miss Vanzetti saying she was ill. Dr. Salto was working on a revision of the stenographic notes of the meeting of the statistical commission, which later I also revised and corrected.

At 10 a.m. the first and second commissions were in session. and remained in session until 1 p.m. The plenary session of the Assembly opened at 4.40 p.m. with a report from the first commission, which was not read. There was much wrangling without any definite decision and I left at 7.45 p.m. with the debate still in progress. Some of the delegates had already left the city for their homes. and it was expected that most of the others would leave the following day.

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3469

Had a rather unsatisfactory supper at the San Carlo. However, I felt relieved that the General Assembly was about over and I could look forward to having meals at regular hours and in comfort. Also my census project had been approved without any material change, I had been highly complimented, and now I could go ahead and finish the work I had started out to do with a feeling ^{that} of success, so far as my part in the project was concerned, was fully assured.

Friday, 19 Oct. Rome; clear and warmer. Miss Vanzetti returned to the office looking pale and complaining of rheumatic pains in her arms. Dr. Salto still working over the rather imperfect shorthand reports. I outlined to Mr. Longobardi the work of the office for the next few weeks: Revise the bulletin containing the census program in accordance with the decisions of the General Assembly; have the revised copy printed and distributed to all governments; and then reply to all communications regarding the census received from various countries that had been allowed to accumulate, with comments on the questionnaire forms and plans they had submitted. I expressed the hope that this work might be completed before the end of October, so that I could proceed to Albania and return in time to attend the committee meeting at Geneva. Began outlining an address to be given to the employees of the Institute as requested by Mr. Dore, Acting Secretary General.

I left early and at the hotel did some typewriting. On leaving the restaurant after supper the same pretty little widow whom I met a few evenings before pounced upon me and urged me to accompany her to her room. She seemed ~~xxxx~~ much disappointed when I promptly declined.

(Wife, 10 Oct. Rome, yellow folder)

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3470

Saturday, 20 Oct. Rome; clear and pleasant. Had a telephone call from Mr. Hobson asking me to meet him and Dr. Gray the following day. Spent the forenoon and part of afternoon outlining an address for the Institute employes. Returned to the hotel and tried to sleep, but without success. Began to read "Arena y Sangre" by Ibañez. At 7.30 p.m. I called for Miss Vanzetti and took her to Alfredo's and had a nice supper. She was obviously not well. When we separated at the entrance to her apartment building she apologised for not asking me in because she ~~was~~ was suffering from rheumatism.

Sunday, 21 October, Rome; cloudy and warm. At 9.30 a.m. I reached the Cassetta office and did some writing. At 11 o'clock I walked across to Mr. Hobson's office in the main building where he and Dr. Gray were revising their report to the Department in Washington. It was to the effect that the recommendations of the American delegation had been adopted by the General Assembly, and carried the recommendation of nonparticipation in the affairs of the Institute until such time as the program was made fully effective. The recommendation did not meet my approval for many reasons, but I could not say much because they were the official delegates and this was their official report with which I had nothing to do. I hoped that when I returned to the United States I might have an opportunity to correct any misapprehension that might arise from the report.

I walked with them through the Borghese park as far as their hotel and then on to a restaurant for luncheon. At 4 p.m. I drove across town to the apartment of Madame Agresti where I met a number of people who had been invited to tea. Among them were her invalid sister and several guests who had traveled widely. Madame Agresti had aged considerably since I first met her. The loss of her husband in

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3471

1926 was a great blow to her. Since the General Assembly of 1926 she had little to do with the Institute. However, she was regularly employed by the Italian government in connection with the publication of an Economic Review. She had adopted and raised two little boys. One had turned out to be a disappointment. The other was present on this occasion. He was rather effeminate in appearance, but had a lovely little wife. In the group was an elderly Italian lady, a countess, who said she had lived at Tierra del Fuego for several years and that her daughter was born there. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, and the American Consul, Mr. Dominion, came in. The director of the National Museum and his wife also called. Madame Agresti's room was full of rugs, tapestries, paintings, bas-reliefs, prints, and other works of art. She has always impressed me as an unusually intelligent, talented, and brilliant woman. I would greatly have enjoyed a visit with her and her family alone, but frankly I do not like meeting a group of strangers. One has difficulty in remembering their names and in conversing with them because of lack of background.

I walked back past the house where I spent six months very pleasantly in the summer of 1925. Crossing the Tiber I saw a new bridge nearing completion. Along the Tiber promenade many good looking soldiers and maidens were enjoying themselves. Had supper at the Ristorante Umberto. On the way to the hotel I bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of whiskey.

Monday, 22 Oct. Rome; clear and warmer. Had an interview with Mr. Thompson who expected to leave in the evening. We agreed upon the form the revised program of the census should take. We discussed the probability, or rather improbability, that the International Education Board would grant additional funds with which to summarize and publish the census data. I agreed to draft a letter to the Board

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3472

from the Institute and he agreed to write a personal letter to the board of directors, and he expressed the hope that Mr. Hobson would do the same. With respect to the relations between the United States and the Institute he expressed the opinion that both had gotten into a vicious circle, the American government holding off for a demonstration of efficiency, but making such a demonstration practically impossible by withholding financial support and cooperation when it was most needed. This expressed my view exactly, except that I went further in holding the American Delegate personally responsible for going to extremes on account of personal animosity and bias and for misleading his government.

Talking with Mr. Longobardi about Madame Agresti he said that her adopted son had graduated in natural science and was employed on a large estate when he was called to the military service, and when he returned the estate had changed hands, since which time he was unable to find any employment.

At noon Mr. Montgomery, the economist, joined me on the street and solicited a contribution on behalf of a young Hungarian lady who had been deprived of all income by the war. He thought she had a voice that if properly trained would put her in grand opera. He said she needed about six months additional training to fit her for concert work. The Hungarian delegate had obtained temporary employment for her in the Institute at 450 lire per month (about \$25), which appointment had been extended several times, but could not last. He had started out to try to raise 400 lire for her. I agreed to join him and a group of others in making a small monthly contribution to provide the young lady with instruction for six months.

The afternoon was exceptionally beautiful. Guidi's wife called at the Casetta and they went away together. He was a fine broad-

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3473

shouldered, curly-headed man with a sad face, and she was a pretty little woman of the housemaid type. They were desperately poor and were often ill, but managed to dress neatly.

As I was leaving Mr. Hodgson called. He was in high glee because the library had been elevated to the status of a bureau and he was now a chief of service. I had felt rather indisposed all day and when I returned to the hotel I slept two hours before supper. Ate practically nothing for supper and retired early.

Tuesday, 23 Oct. Rome; warm and raining all day. Drafted replies to a number of letters. Miss Vanzetti still ill. Miss Dickson came over to say good bye before leaving for Geneva. Mr. Longobardi went to the railway station and saw Dr. Gray off in the afternoon. After office I walked to the American Express to inquire about transportation to Albania and steamers for the United States in December. Had an unsatisfactory supper. All meats tasted and smelled of olive oil and were only half cooked. In the cheaper restaurants there were very few vegetables, simply hard potatoes and green leaves soaked in oil. The only bread to be had was in the form of rolls as hard as brickbats. The only fruit to be had was inferior apples at ten cents apiece and overripe grapes. I was losing weight daily.

Wednesday, 24 Oct., Rome; clear, bright, and warm. Miss Vanzetti still ill. During the forenoon Mrs. Sauter (formerly Miss Broad) called. She seemed a little nervous and I suspected she would like employment of some kind. I asked what she was doing with her leisure outside of housekeeping. She said she was trying to become a writer and found it difficult. She said also that her parents had not yet forgiven her for marrying a German and refused to write or otherwise recognize her existence.

I spent the day drafting replies to correspondence. It was

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3474

a lovely day and so mild that the office doors and windows could be kept wide open. Through them I could see the trees in the park bright and shining in the sunlight. Near the Cassetta was a small grove of locust trees covered with green moss. The moss and bark were evidently saturated with moisture. The warm sunshine caused the moisture to evaporate as vapor that streamed up the trunks like a pearly wraith and vanished in the sunlight above.

About 3 p.m. I walked across to the gallery of modern art, only to learn that it closed at 3 p.m., so I was too late. Then I walked through the park to a small pavilion and sat at a little table under the trees and had a vermouth and listened to a radio. The park was full of young couples clasping hands and leaning against each other, and from time to time petting each other. It was a cheerful sight. Curious how it is that human beings become so civilized that it is difficult for them to act naturally toward each other in matters of sex and love. Why should they be so hesitant and furtive about it or have any feeling of shame in expressing their natural feeling and impulses?

Reading "Arena y Sangué" in Italian, a rather sad story.

Thursday, 25 October, Rome; clear, bright, and hot. During the day drafting replies to communications from governments regarding the census. At 11.30 a.m. I walked over to the National Gallery of Modern Art and spent an hour very pleasantly looking at the excellent collection of paintings and sculptures which were seen to good advantage in the light of midday. In the afternoon former Secretary General Dragoni called to spend several hours looking over the census questionnaires sent in by the various governments.. He was employed in the Department of National Economy and was to have charge of the Italian agricultural census in Prof. Gini's office. Mr. Hodgson

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3475

called and said he had reached the point in the reorganization of the library of the Institute where everything was a matter of routine and he was at a loss to know what to do with his spare time. I suggested that he visit the principal libraries of Europe and ascertain what literature relating to agriculture was available in them.

In the evening after supper I took a stroll down the Corso and through the Piazza de Venetzia to the Forum of Trajan. There a plump, good natured damsel came up and took me by the arm without so much as saying "By your leave," and started to tow me off into a side street. I asked "Where" in Italian and she replied "To a hotel" where it appeared I was expected to rent a room for the night and she would share it with me. I said emphatically "No." She asked if I had my passport~~s~~ with me and I asked her why she wanted to know. She said that under a new decree of Mussolini all persons who rent rooms, even for a single night, in hotels or private residences, must exhibit passport~~s~~, carnets, or other papers of identification. I expressed regret that I did not have a passport~~s~~ with me and therefore could not rent a room. Then she said she was hungry and would I buy her something to eat. I said I would. She led the way into a cheap restaurant in the neighborhood in which was a tired little waiter and two or three peasant couples. I ordered a bottle of beer for myself and told the lady to order what she wanted. She had a healthy appetite and the quantity of spaghetti, rice, devil-fish fried in olive oil, and other Italian dishes, she ate was surprising, followed by a large piece of Italian cake with pink frosting, and two cups of coffee. She refused wine, but a package of cigarettes completed her idea of a swell banquet. Her complete and evident satisfaction in the meal ~~was~~ ample compensation for me. I asked a number of questions about where she was from, how large her family was, whether she was employed, whether she was fortunate

called and said he had reached the point in the reconstruction of the library of the Institute where everything was a matter of routine and he was at a loss to know what to do with his guests. I suggested that he visit the original library of the Institute and ascertain what literature relative to a residence was available there.

In the evening after supper I took a stroll down the Corso and through the Piazza de Venezia to the Forum of Trajan. There a young, good natured Englishman came in and took me to the air without so much as saying "My dear lady," and started to tow me off into a side street. I asked "Where" in Italian and she replied "To a hotel" where it appeared I was expected to rent a room for the night and she would share it with me. I said emphatically "No." She asked if I had my passport with me and I asked her why she wanted to know. She said that under a new statute of controlling all persons who rent rooms even for a single night, in hotels or private residences, must exhibit passport, permits, or other papers of identification. I explained that I did not have a passport with me and therefore could not rent a room. Then she said she was sorry and would I buy her something to eat. I said I would. She led the way into a cheap restaurant in the neighborhood in which was a tiny little waiter and two or three peasant couples. I ordered a bottle of beer for myself and told the lady to order what she wanted. She had a healthy appetite and ate quantities of spaghetti, rice, beef, fish fried in olive oil, and other Italian dishes, and also some sorbet. Followed by a large dish of Italian cake with pink frosting, and two cups of coffee. She refused wine, but a package of cigarettes completed her idea of a well rounded, far complete and evident satisfaction in the meal. The ample compensation for me. I asked a number of questions about the place and the lady, how large her family was, what she was employed, whether she was married.

(1928, Oct. Rome)

R--3476

or unfortunate on the streets of Rome at night, and the like, but her answers were vague and unsatisfactory. Outside she proposed a taxi ride, but I shook my head. I engaged a ~~tax~~ dilapidated carriage to take me to the hotel, and the girl said she would go with me, which amused me when I thought of how full the hotel was of tourist priests. She climbed in and sat beside me as the old horse ambled ~~at~~ slowly through the deserted streets to a point near the Pantheon where I got out and left the girl in the carriage. At any rate I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had fed the hungry. Also I had enjoyed seeing the relish with which she ate.

Friday, 26 Oct. Rome; another bright pleasant day. My work was well up and there was little to do at the office. I read some in an Italian guide book of Rome and a copy of the Scientific Monthly; both interesting. President De Michelis was at Geneva and Mr. Dore at Paris. In the evening I went to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sauter and together we went to the Ristorante Concordia and had supper. I was their guest, but fearing that it might strain their slender resources to pay for my supper I suggested that we do as I understood all artists did, each pay for what he got, especially as it was exactly what we would do if we were not together, to which they readily consented. Mr. Walsh, executive assistant at the Institute, ~~em~~ came in and sat at an adjoining table. We sat talking until after 10 p.m.

Saturday, 27 Oct. Rome; The sun was shining brightly when I left the hotel in the morning without umbrella, raincoat or rubbers, but within an hour it began to rain. I revised the draft of the report of the statistical commission and drafted a letter regarding opium to a correspondent of the League of Nations. I got quite wet going to the restaurant for luncheon. At the hotel I changed to dry clothing

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3477

and then called on Miss Vanzetti. I found a little old woman waiting on her. She was suffering from a complication of ills, including a form of rheumatism, and her feet, ankles, and wrists were badly swollen. She ^{had} been bedridden and helpless for a week. I asked if there was anything I could do for her she said with some hesitation that her illness had caused her to miss getting the last instalment of her salary and it would be a real accommodation if I could advance her a little money until she got her salary. I gave her a bill for 100 lire as a measure of immediate relief, which later she scrupulously repaid. I returned to the hotel for a nap before supper. In spite of the rain most of the buildings in the business section were decorated in celebration of the seventh anniversary of the march of the Fascisti on Rome.

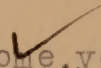
Sunday 28, Oct. Rome; cloudy and threatening rain. Anniversary of the march on Rome and the city full to overflowing with visitors, troops marching, bands playing, and a committee headed by Mussolini burned paper representing 140,000,000 lire of the public debt. After luncheon I walked to the Cassetta and exchanged the umbrella I was carrying for the cane I had left there over night. Then took a taxi and drove to St. Peter's. The great structure seemed more massive and impressive than I had before realized. I stood before some great paintings by Rafael but could not become reconciled to the enormous, fat, heavy, solid looking cherubs floating in all sorts of positions about the central figures. They look almost too heavy to stand or walk, and yet they were represented as floating about in the atmosphere like so many pink balloons. I spent more than an hour at the different shrines, admiring the rich coloring, and dreaming about the ancient history and ideas the paintings and sculpture represented.

(Mother, 28 Oct. Rome, yellow folder)--See 30 Sept. back.

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3478

Monday, 29 Oct. Rome; raining all night and day. At the office a young man stenographer from an agency reported for duty and I dictated an accumulation of notes. Drafted a letter to the International Education Board. Sent Guidi with three books to Miss Vanzetti. In the afternoon I had ^{two} ~~an~~ American visitors, both trade commissioners. Then Mr. Dore came in to tell me about the meeting of the International Agricultural Society at Paris. He talked Italian and so rapidly that I had difficulty in following him. I spent the afternoon in my room reading. Had a letter from mother dated the 14th of October, the first and only letter from home since I left on September 14.

(Service, about salt, 29 Oct. Rome, , yellow folder)

"Rome, 29 October 1928.

"Mr. S. H. Service,
Sales Manager,
The Smoked Salt Company,
Fifth and Butler Streets,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Dear Sir:

"On my return to Rome recently I found your letter of May 25, 1928, with questionnaire. I regret that I have neither the time nor the information to write answers to your questionnaire with respect to all the countries which I have visited in the last three years. However, it may interest you to know that my attention was attracted to the incredible quantities of salt manufactured and consumed in the Orient. Along the China coast, especially north of Tientsin, I saw enormous heaps of salt. Again around the coast of India and the Gulf of Aden I saw still other enormous quantities. At Aden I was told by an Italian engineer that three companies were engaged in obtaining salt by evaporation from sea water. One of these companies alone produces about 700 tons of ~~SK~~ salt a day. Nearly 300,000 tons of salt are shipped annually from Aden to Calcutta. While in Indo-China I met an American engineer employed by the Chinese Famine Relief Commission who had just returned from extensive tours through some of the interior provinces. He said that salt is the only commodity of sufficient value to justify transportation in the mountains regions where there are no roads but only trails, and that he has seen as many as 500 coolies at a time marching in single file over these trails, each with a burden of salt suspended from the two ends of a pole carried across the shoulders. In many countries the manufacture and sale of salt is a government monopoly, as in Italy. Here it is a criminal offence for a private individual to make or sell salt without a license.

In Rome and other Italian cities salt, tobacco, and postage stamps (V'Sel, Tabacchi e Francobolli') are sold in the same establishment under government supervision.

"I wonder if your department has any estimate as to the total production of salt throughout the world? I would be interested in knowing the approximate total quantity.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural Census Project."

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3479

Tuesday, 30 Oct. Rome; forenoon, still raining; afternoon, clearing. Took a taxi to Rosatti's for the usual breakfast of a hard roll and cup of black coffee. At the office finished reading the last Scientific Monthly that had reached me. Mr. Montgomery called regarding the embryo prima donna in which he was interested and I agreed to contribute 100 lire a month (about \$5) for the continuance of her musical training while I was in Rome. In the afternoon I read a book on the national wealth of Australia brought over by Dr. Salto. The letters I dictated the previous day were delivered for revision and signature. Mr. Longobardi took my passport to the Albanian Legation for visée. Began reading a book on the Belgian Congo. On the way to the hotel I stopped at the American Express and arranged for transportation to Tirana. Had bowel trouble again from the too liberal doses of olive oil in which the food of Rome is cooked.

Wednesday, 31 Oct. Rome; raining heavily at intervals all day. The Italian papers reported high temperatures, heavy rains, and swollen streams throughout Italy. Spent the day reading a book on the Belgian Congo by Alex. Barnes, which was very interesting. Finished revising report of the statistical commission. Finished revising report of census finances prepared by Mr. Longobardi. Was advised by Mr. Longobardi that the next day was All Saints Day and the day after that was Memorial Day, and that both were official holidays. On the walk in the Corso from the office to the hotel I was accosted successively by five pretty French girls each of whom invited me to go to her room. This was extraordinary on the streets of Rome in broad daylight, and from one of them I learned that they had been brought to Rome to ply their trade during the great influx of visitors in connection with the various celebrations and holidays that were

(1928, Oct. Rome)

E--3480

scheduled for this week. I had found from experience that nothing discourages the importunities of this class of women so quickly as to begin to show an interest in their welfare and to ask questions about their history, calling, and situation.

Thursday, 1 November, Rome; first sunshine in ten days. Although it was a holiday I went to the Casatta office and found Mr. Longobardi there also. Together we revised the draft of the census bulletin. After he left I remained to draft a brief note of introduction to the bulletin. After luncheon I returned to the hotel and addressed some picture postcards. Were it not for Saturday forenoon there would be four holidays in succession. In the late afternoon I called on Miss Vanzetti and found her slightly improved. She looked very pale and thin, but proposed to take luncheon with me at the San Carlo the next day. There was to be a celebration in Rome on Sunday by 60,000 farmers brought in at public expense, and the city was already filling up. The afternoon papers announced an appropriation of 200,000,000 lire to promote agriculture and industry during a period of ten years. For the previous two weeks the Italian papers had little to say except about the achievements of the Fascist regime. Also they ran a series of articles depicting the distressing economic situation in other countries. The Fascisti system of publicity and propaganda was the best organized of any I had seen.

Friday, 2 Nov. Rome; another holiday of bright sunshine and showers. At the office I read an article about the salt production of the world, amounting to about 24,000,000 tons, which was approximately the number of bales of cotton, bags of coffee, and tons of sugar produced. Revised about thirty pages of printed proof of the hearings of the statistical commission in French. At 1 p.m. I found Miss Vanzetti waiting for me at the San Carlo. She was still very

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3481

pale, but bright and cheerful. A good luncheon in the cheerful surroundings of the restaurant obviously did her good. I returned to her apartment in a Taxi. I asked her if she felt well enough to dine with me at the Ulpia the next evening and she said she did. I had supper at the Ristorante Umberto, where there always seemed to be many business men and politicians. They seemed to be men of education and affairs and to have money to spend, whereas at the San Carlo the people were of many nationalities.

Saturday, 3 November, Rome; rained all the previous night, and the day was dark with heavy clouds, rain, and much thunder. The daily papers reported that more than sixty thousand farmers were in Rome and would parade the next day. From the crowded condition of the streets it was clear that the number had not been exaggerated. Poor men, they were herded in empty buildings, barracks, school houses, and even in churches, without any sort of accommodations, and were to march through the streets of Rome in heavy pouring rain.

In the morning I drove to the American Express office and found it closed. Then I directed the driver to take me to the Piazza del Popolo only to find it closed by cordons of soldiers and a parade in progress. The only way he could take me to my office was to turn back, cross the Tiber and go up the other side to the next bridge, recross and reach the Casetta from the other side, but we found the streets blocked in every direction, so I had to leave him and make my way around afoot. At noon I found the American Express open and obtained my transportation to Tirana.

Spent the morning hours reading. Bid good bye to Mr. Longobardi and had luncheon at the San Carlo. Had a long nap at the hotel. At 7 p.m. I stepped out on the street, but could find no taxi or other conveyance. I had to walk the entire distance between the hotel and the apartment of Miss Vanzetti, more than a mile and uphill. A

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3482

Miss Ladislaus was with her. Although still pale and weak Miss Vanzetti was dressed in a velvet evening gown with a beautiful wrap and she looked quite distinguished. On the street I succeeded in attracting the attention of the only taxi driver I had seen that evening and he took us to the Ristorante Ulpia. We were early and only a few guests had arrived. It was rather cold and very dull at first. Then our order was served, the orchestra began to play, the place began to fill up with well dressed people, more lights were turned on, and soon everything was bright and cheerful and Miss Vanzetti showed that she was enjoying herself. After dinner we went down into the lower compartment, two flights of stairs down, where the floor was the original pavement of the Via Sacra that had never been disturbed. Soon every seat was occupied and the orchestra came down to entertain us with the finest minstrel music. We had coffee and liquers. There was much good cheer and merriment. Half a dozen different languages were heard. I took my companion home at midnight.

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The whole city was full of visitors. Even at that late or early hour there were half a dozen uneasy guests near my room in the hotel and I could hear them talking until I fell asleep.

Sunday, 4 Nov. Rome; a day of bright sunshine, intermittent rain, and turning cold. At 9.30 a.m. I elbowed my way through crowded streets to Rosatti's where I had a roll, a soft boiled egg, and a cup

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3483

of coffee, and watched the crowds of peasants milling about on the piazza. Had difficulty in getting across the piazza. The streets were full of soldiers and Fascisti farmers, bearing banners, marching to the music of a succession of military bands. After an hour or more at the Casetta office I returned to the hotel and packed up.

At noon I went to the San Carlo just as the tail end of a long parade passed. I paid the equivalent of thirty-five cents for some asparagus that was wilted, tough, full of strings, and saturated with the bane of my life in Italy--olive oil. I returned to the hotel with the intention of spending the afternoon comfortably in bed, only to find the mattress turned upside down, so this was impracticable. I had made the mistake of settling my hotel account in the morning. Went out and had a haircut and a shave. At 2 p.m. I walked across to the Piazza Venetia. There I saw many thousands of men and women march by the steps of the great monument to Umberto II, salute, and pass on. I sat at a sidewalk restaurant and had a cocktail, but there was a chill in the air that soon became uncomfortable. I returned to the hotel and wrote a letter. It was a most unsatisfactory afternoon trying to keep occupied until train time because of the overcrowded condition of the city, and the hotel management, knowing I was to leave, asked for my room before I was ready to give it up. Every chair in the hotel lounge was occupied by exhausted people, and after walking the streets for a time I also became exhausted. I went out and secured a seat in a restaurant and held it for two hours by periodically ordering something to drink. I went to the San Carlo for ~~lunch~~ supper rather early lest all seats might be occupied. A group of native peasant women in picturesque costumes came in and sat near me. I enjoyed watching them and tried to overhear what they were saying about Rome. However, the Italian dialect they spoke was quite different from +.

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3484

they spoke was quite different from the Italian spoken in Rome and I could not understand more than half what they said. As a rule the men were dressed in ill-fitting ready made clothing, at least it was of the same general type.

I returned to the hotel and was fortunate enough to find a vacant seat in the lounge where I smoked and had a liquer. I stepped out into the street and found that a heavy rain had fallen and not a single taxi was in sight. At 9 p.m. I had my baggage taken out and the porter succeeded in getting a taxi that took me to the railway station. Fortunately my train was ready and I was soon installed in a compartment. Alongside was another train made up of third class coaches with about fifty per cent more passengers packed in them than they were designed to accommodate. There was much jostling, crowding, grumbling, outcries, and distress. I suspected that the entire trainload of poor wretches would have to sleep sitting or standing. I fully appreciated the luxury of a separate compartment. I was very tired and at 10 p.m. drew the curtains, went to bed, and at once fell asleep.

(Wife, 4 Nov. Rome, yellow folder)

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3485

Monday, 5 Nov., Bari; cloudy and cold. Woke up at 7 a.m. ~~after~~ after a good night's sleep. We were passing through a limestone country with a thin layer of brown loam on the surface, stone fences between small fields and orchards, stone buildings, olive orchards, a few vineyards, and truck gardens between the rows of olive trees. Near ~~Bari~~^a I saw some peasants gathering olives.

At Bari I took a taxi and was driven to a hotel not far from the beach and by 9 a.m. I was settled in a comfortable room. I first found the office of the steamship company and got my ticket to Durazzo, and then to a bank to buy some Albanian money. There seemed to be nothing of interest to see on the streets, so I returned to the hotel for a nap. Had an unsatisfactory luncheon at a small restaurant, and then another nap at the hotel.

At 5 p.m. I ~~took~~ a walk through a small park and along the shore of a small bay that was full of fishing boats, and through a small open-air market. Returned to the hotel as it was getting dark, had a vermouth in the deserted lounge, paid my bill, hired a carriage and was driven through the rain for a mile or more to the customhouse where my baggage was inspected and I had to show my passport~~s~~ and my money; and then about a quarter of a mile out onto a dark and deserted pier at the end of which a small steamer little larger than a tugboat was secured. Admittance to the boat was refused by an armed guard stationed at the gang plank; nor would he tell me when I could go aboard, although I exhibited my ticket~~s~~ and the boat was scheduled to sail within an hour. It was dark and raining and there seemed ~~no~~ nothing I could do but sit on my baggage under an umbrella and to repeat audibly for the benefit of the guard all the swear words I had ever heard in any language. This I did systematically and vigorously and with great mental satisfaction until my vocabulary was

exhausted. Then I began to abuse and revile the Italian government and people generally and the Italian steamboat company in particular. Right there in the rain without shelter I saw the fine collection of ornamental stickers on my baggage soak through and fall off, stickers that furnished an optical record of my travels. Half the world was lost in that way. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes the guard motioned to me to enter and I did so. I was met inside by the first officer and steward whom I abused roundly and threatened to report the steamship company for its abysmal inefficiency and stupidity direct to Il Duce, and flashed my passport on him. I talked to them in such an outrageous manner that their attitude changed from one of haughty indifference to one of abject servility. They showed me into the smallest cabin I had ever seen. The steward made no motion to bring in my baggage until I threatened physical violence and thoroughly cowed he brought it in. I purposely made him arrange it and rearrange it, a perfectly useless exercise but it had a quieting effect on his nerves. All this seems foolish in retrospect, but I was thoroughly mad at the indifference of the boat's crew and the fact that they had kept me waiting in the darkness and rain without any apparent reason; also I saw that my belligerent attitude seemed to do their souls good and perhaps made it easier for the passengers who came after me. Just as I was getting installed other passengers began to arrive in carriages and they were admitted without delay. *P* As I stood in the diminutive cubby hole of a cabin I heard the distressed voice of a woman expostulating in English. In the mood I was then in I at once sprang to her rescue. In the passageway was a little slim woman of about thirty helplessly and hopelessly expostulating with four big Italian porters. I stepped up to the lady and said "I beg your pardon, but can I be of any as-

(1928, Nov. Barri)

E--3487

sistance." She said that at the office of the navigation company she had paid sixty lire for the transportation of her baggage to the steamer and it was distinctly understood that it was to be placed in her cabin without additional charges of any kind. The porters had placed the baggage in her cabin and were demanding one hundred lire for the service. Also she said they had stopped half way out on the dark and deserted pier and demanded payment before proceeding. I asked if she had a receipt from the navigation company and she immediately produced it. At a glance I saw that it included portorage to her cabin. Up to this point our conversation had been in English and the four roustabouts stood in a grinning and threatening attitude. Turning on them I pointed to the receipt I held before them and said in Italian rather sharply that they had been paid or would be paid by the navigation company, that because they had tried to rob a woman they would get no tip, and that if they said one single word about it I would report the matter to the chief of police of Barri and to Il Signor Duce at Rome; that they were a disgrace to the Fascisti and would not be tolerated, and that if a single one of them made a threatening move I would shoot him, and warned them that when I said the word "march" they were to move promptly off the boat. Then I gave the word in a loud voice "March." There was a moment's hesitation and indcision, and then to my relief they wheeled about in a sheepish way and marched off the boat. As they did so I called to the chief steward near by and pointing to the retreating porters I said "Robbers of Barri; a disgrace to the Fascisti; I shall report them to Rome." The young lady was trembling with excitement when I returned and handed her the receipt and assured her that she would have no further trouble.

The little boat had only four small cabins and a combination

(1928, Nov. Barri)

E--3488

lounge and dining saloon about fourteen feet square. It was the only place outside the little cabins where passengers could sit. There I got acquainted with a big German who said he was president of a small steamship company in Yugoslavia, that he had spent many years in Central America, and that he had married an American wife. He spoke English quite well. We had a glass of beer together and joined in abusing the Italian Navigation Company for its extremely inefficient service and poor accommodations. The supper that was served was meager in quantity and poor in quality. My German acquaintance said that the Italians were trying to develop tourist travel to Dalmatia largely from Germany, transporting more than 60,000 Germans the previous year, and that now they were trying to attract American tourists. I replied that the abominable service and accommodations I had so far seen would not attract Americans and that if the Italian transportation companies and hotels wished to participate in the golden harvest of American tourist traffic they would have to completely revolutionize their service along modern lines. We sat up for two or three hours comparing travel experiences and he relieved his mind about the utterly foolish controversies between Albania and Yugoslavia.

Tuesday, 6 Nov. Durazzo; clear, bright, and pleasant. Woke up at 6 a.m., dressed, and went out on the little deck. The sea was rippling and covered with a thin veil of mist. Mountains were visible about three miles off, and above them was a magnificent bank of cumulus clouds. About 7 a.m. the boat anchored about a mile from the beach near another boat that had sunk in the shallow bay. and was partially submerged. Beyond a flat marsh one could see three ranges of broken hills and mountains. The town of Durazzo ran up and over a hill and seemed to be little more than a village. Most of the houses were small and square and covered with white stucco. A

(1928, Nov. Durazzo)

E--3489

new pier was building and on it one could see human figures moving slowly about. Before leaving the boat I got acquainted with the little English lady I had befriended the evening before. She said she had spent eight years in China in the Rockefeller Institute at Peking, that she did not understand a word of any language other than English, and that she had accepted a position as teacher in an English missionary school in Tirana. She said that during all the eight years she spent in China she had thought of her home in England and looked forward to returning to it. When her term of service was ended and she actually set foot in England she was greatly disappointed because of the horrible climate, so wet, so cold, so cloudy, so foggy, and so gloomy, and her friends had changed, and seemingly all things had changed. It was not the homeland of her ^{childhood or} dreams. It was for this reason that she was coming out to Albania.

We took the last boat ashore with our baggage piled about us. At the pier she was met by a bright little English professor who took charge of her. A dozen Albanian ruffians pounced upon my baggage and for a moment I was helpless to deal with them until the professor came and acted as interpreter. With a few sharp words he scattered the mob, retained two to look after my baggage and get a taxi to take me to Tirana, and told me how much to pay for the service. Also he invited me to call at the school in Tirana. So the bread I cast upon the waters in the case of the young lady came back to me buttered by the little professor.

After a brief wait an automobile was secured and I and my baggage were duly installed. We left Durazzo at 9.30 a.m. and reached Tirana at 10.45 a.m., with several stops en route, so that I judged the distance to be twenty to thirty miles. Several stops were made ^{de} to refuel. These stops were not at gasoline stations, of which there were

(1928, Nov. Tirana.)

E--3490

none. No, the automobile would slow up, cough, sputter, die down, and stop. Each time this happened the driver would get out and ~~from~~ empty a liter can (about a quart) of gasole~~ne~~ into the tank, and we would proceed until the charge of gasoline was exhausted, and the operation was repeated. The road over which we traveled, said to be the only hard surfaced road in Albania, was constructed by the Italians during the war and had never been repaired. As was to be expected it was very rough in places. From Durazzo it led out across a swamp for two or three miles and then up into a hill section with scrub oak and other brush. Along the road were patches of thistles and small fields on the hillsides separated by brush hedges. Some of the fields had been planted to wheat that was coming up nicely. Most of the fields were bare except for weeds. Near Durazzo I saw a flock of excellent sheep. In some of the waste spaces English daisies were in bloom. As we proceeded the hills became higher and the grades steeper. Near the road was a narrow guage railway, but the rails were rusty and torn up in many places. We saw many flocks of turkeys and geese and a few herds of goats.

Tirana lies back of the second range of hills with a range of high mountains beyond. It was a straggling town of less than fifteen thousand with many of the characteristics of a Turkish or Arabian town. The house of parliament was about as large and pretentious as a Maryland cow barn. I first went to the Continental Hotel, a rambling wooden building that might have graced a backwoods village in the United States half a century ago. Here I was told that all the beds were taken or reserved in advance for public officials who were to attend an official banquet that evening. I inquired of the proprietor, who could speak French, where I might apply for a room. He said the best prospect was at the Palace

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3491

Hotel and he instructed the driver how to find it.

The Palace Hotel turned out to be a ^{plain} two-story brick building *that looked like a stable* on an unpaved side street. I went into the main entrance and found myself in a small and very plain dining room with pine tables, cheap wooden chairs, and a desk in one corner. The presiding genius was a middle aged Italian woman who promptly informed me that all beds were taken. I asked if there was any other place where I could get a bed, but she knew of none. I asked if she could not make a bed for me in the corridor, simply a place to sleep. The fact that I spoke to her in Italian seemed to make a good impression. She asked if I would be willing to sleep in "Il bagno" and I said I would. I asked to see "Il bagno." She conducted me across a small ~~courty~~ backyard cluttered up with laundry and sundry specimens of poultry and goats to a small brick structure in the rear with a sign over the door reading "Il bagno." It was a room about ten feet square with a cement floor, a large bath tub on one side without any water connections, a canvas cot, a canvas chair, a small pine box fitted up as a wash stand, a tin pitcher and basin, a cheap hand mirror, a diminutive oil lamp of about one candle power. I said I would take it and my baggage was soon installed. An Italian female servant of uncertain age, but of good form and smiling face, brought a pitcher of water and tidied up a little. When I spoke to her in Italian and asked where she was from and how she liked living in Tirana, she broke out in smiles and became quite voluble.

After a change of clothes and a shave I went out on the Street and was surprised to see how much like a Turkish town it looked like. There was the small Turkish mosque with its minarets and towers, and the men on the street were wearing Turkish clothes. I found a small shop where I bought some inferior cigars at a very

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3492

high ~~xx~~ price. The luncheon at the Palace Hotel was about like that of any small Italian restaurant, weak vegetable soup sprinkled with ground chesse, a small tough steak, eggs, and potatoes fried in olive oil, cast iron rolls, over-ripe grapes, and cheap wine. The landlady came to "Il bagno" after luncheon to explain that the blood spots on the sheets came from a finger that she had cut in the K kitchen. I dressed the cut with dioxygen and "Newskin" from my medicine box, which won her friendship from that moment.

After luncheon I dozed in my chair until 2 p.m., when I inquired of the landlady where I would find the American Consulate. She sent a little boy to show me the way. He led me across town and down a broad avenue about half a mile, but could not find the house he ^a was looking for. I inquired at a small shop in Italian and was told that the consulate was at the other end of town. Just then it began to rain and to avoid the long walk through the muddy streets I hailed a passing automobile. We found the place and I met the Consul, Mr. Jordan, who said he was from Massachusetts, that he had been stationed at Constantinople, and that he had been in Tirana only two weeks and knew very little about it. He sent for an assistant, Mr. Kuquali, a native Albanian whom he instructed to arrange for an interview with the Minister of Agriculture the following day. Also he invited me to take luncheon with him the ^{next} following day. The consular office was on the second floor of a wooden building, a room being partitioned off at one end for the private use of the Consul, the larger part being occupied by two clerks and some furniture. It did my eyes good to see a large sheet iron stove with a fire in it which kept the room nice and warm. On one of the desks I recognized one of the encyclopedic catalogues of Sears, Roebuck & company. We had an agreeable visit together and

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3493

I left at 3.45 p.m.

Returned to "Il bagno." It was raining steadily outside and cold and dark within. I had nothing to read and no light to read by if I had it. There was absolutely no place to go or see or do except go to be^d to keep warm and try to sleep. At 8 p.m. I waded across the wet yard to the dining room and had a fairly good super, so far as Italian cooking in olive oil can be regarded as good. The landlady looked after the cash drawer and helped wait on the tables. Only one servant was available to help her. Four or five Italian guests, apparently shop keepers and laborers, came in while I was there. After supper I retired to "Il bagno" where I lit the little lamp and my pocket flash light and managed to write up brief notes for the day. Had a smoke and a drink of cognac in the dim light and then went to bed.

Wednesday, 7 Nov. Tirana; fair and pleasant. I slept well the night through lulled by the patter of the rain on the roof of my shed and was awakened by the crowing of roosters in the yard. At 9.30 a.m. I called at the consulate and Mr. Kugali took me to the Ministry of Agriculture. The Minister, Musa Juka, readily promised the cooperation of his government in the proposed census. Next I called on the Secretary of State who suggested that I see the Director of Agriculture and the Technical Adviser, both of whom were out of the city but expected back the next day.

Next we walked across to the American Technical School. In front of the school were many fragments of marble columns and carved stones from Durazzo bearing Latin and Greek inscriptions, and my guide said that Cicero spent many happy years at Durazzo. We walked along the road for a quarter of a mile to inspect the new building under construction for the American Legation. There we met the technical director of the school, who said that of course the

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3494

school would do anything in its power to promote the taking of an agricultural census. He invited me to visit the school in the afternoon.

I returned to "Il bagno" just before noon. It was too cold for comfort, so I undressed and put on two suits of underwear. At one o'clock I called at the American Consulate to have luncheon with the Consul. He lived in the same building and from the office stepped directly into the dining room. We were alone except for an Albanian servant in uniform. The luncheon was unexpectedly good. There was grape fruit, hot vegetable soup with vegetables in it, little steaks done to a turn, and mashed potatoes, tomatoes, squash, string beans, stewed sweet corn, head lettuce, cucumbers, sweet pickles, hot rolls and butter, real soda crackers, tapiocca pudding with peaches, coffee, and a bottle of red wine. Every single thing looked good and tasted good. I could hardly believe my eyes and finally I could restrain myself no longer and said, "See here, you must have the best cook in all Europe and a wonderful trucking country to draw from, because nowhere else in Europe have I eaten food that looks and tastes ^{so much} like the food we are accustomed to in America." Pleased, he chuckled and answered "Well, it ought to be, because it all came from good old U.S.A. in cans." Then he confessed that he felt he would starve on the food to be had in Tirana and inasmuch as he could get supplies from the United States duty free about as cheap as he could in Tirana and in variety and quality unknown in Europe he ordered most of his supplies from the home ~~at~~ country. We had our coffee and wine in the sitting room and listened to a large Victrola gramophone. Also he brought out the last batch of newspapers, including the Washington Star, for me to look over. It seemed good to see a real newspaper again.

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3495

From the Consulate I walked to the American Technical School which I was told was supported by the American Red Cross, scholarships from the Albanian government, and private donations. The Director, Mr. Fultz, a graduate of Purdue University, showed me over the establishment. It was in a plain wooden building constructed by the students, two stories in height, with class rooms, dormitories, and a machine shop equipped with engines, lathes, cranes, printing presses, carpentry machinery and tools, and an ice making plant. There were about 250 students enrolled taking courses in manual training, engineering, and agriculture. The director said the students had no difficulty in finding employment after graduation because the whole country was eager for modern improvements. One of the students exhibited with great pride a very complete collection of well mounted butterflies. Later Mr. Fultz took me to see the school farm some distance out of town. There were about seventy acres of flat heavy clay land that had been under cultivation by the school for five years and was not yet in good condition. There were several small fields of alfalfa four years old and established without inoculation, a patch of sorghum, some peanuts, some sugar beets, a few rows of tomatoes, some cabbage, rape, maize, sweet clover, a young orchard, a grove of large Persian walnut trees that rarely bore, several small buildings, a stack of hay, some American farm machinery and tools, including a tractor, some pure bred brown Swiss cows and a bull, and some half breed Albanian cattle. The Albanian horses are little larger than Shetland ponies, and the native cattle and donkeys were very small, but the sheep were excellent. Also the farm had some white Yorkshire pigs. An airplane zoomed overhead while we were inspecting the farm. We made the trip out and back in an old Essex touring car that made a ^{great} ~~tremendous~~ noise.

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3496

I reached "Il bagno" at 4.30 p.m. as it was getting dark. I sat huddled up in the canvas chair wrapped in the steamer rug, smoked and sipped cognac in the darkness that was rendered visible by the little oil lamp until 7 p.m., a rather long wait for ^Psuper. I did this because the streets were without lights and there was no place to go. After a simple supper with the same faces present as the previous evening I went immediately to bed.

Thursday, 8 Nov. Tirana; cloudy and showers. The maid servant brought coffee and rolls to ~~the~~ "Il bagno" because it was raining. Her warm Italian smiles were as cheering as the coffee. The rain ceased and I walked about the streets. I came to an open air market place. In an open space in the center of town were many men and women dressed in picturesque costumes with all sorts of wares for sale. Many tents had been erected and there were many covered carts. Besides country produce of various sorts, especially vegetables and turkeys, were many piles of homespun textiles, home made iron ware, and articles of wood and leather. I was especially interested in the ironware, because it was obviously hand made, and included bolts, nails, axes, hatchets, hammers, locks and latches of all sorts, and steel traps. Nowhere else had I seen such a variety of home made articles.

At 10 a.m. I called at the American Consulate and learned from ~~that~~ Mr. Kugali that Mr. Hoover had been elected President of the United States. We called at the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry and were told that the Director of Agriculture would not be at the office today because his wife had just given birth to a baby, and that the Technical Adviser had not yet returned, but that both surely would be at their offices the following day. So I had another day on my hands.

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3497

I stopped in several shops and tried to change a one hundred frank note without success. I found the office of the agency of the American Ship Corporation and they sent one of the employes out with the note who later brought back the change. The agent was very friendly and seemed glad to have some one to talk to. I expressed surprise that the American Ship Corporation should have a branch office in such a small out of the way place as Tirana. The agent said that many Albanians were going to America and that they had sold transportation the past season amounting to \$20,000. He said the rules were very strict regarding the character of the passengers to whom transportation was sold because if an undesirable were transported to the United States and was rejected the company would have to pay a fine of five thousand dollars. He said if it were not for these restrictions half the population of Albania would be clamoring for admission to the United States.

I took several photographs and then returned to "Il bagno" because of showers. I noted the absence of women on the streets. The streets were full of men dressed in Turkish costume and a few old, misshapen, wrinkled, diminutive hags dressed in baggy cotton trousers and wearing sloppy sandals or going barefoot were to be seen. The little children on the street were dressed exactly like their elders. Curiously enough many of the grown people and children were blonds with light colored hair and blue eyes.

After luncheon I took another round through the open air market and back through some of the side streets. To me the people were most unattractive, under-sized, undernourished, and dressed in baggy, loose, dirty clothing. The children looked dirty, diseased, and unattractive. The town itself was dirty and unkempt without a park or other place of amusement or where a stranger could go or sit. There was no theater or restaurant. Nor could I find

(1934, Nov. Tirana)

E--3498

any bookstore, and I had neglected to bring some books along with me. Not a single newspaper was to be had. I returned in disgust to "Il bagno" at 4 p.m. and went to bed to keep warm and forget the discomforts and disappointments of life. The bed had not been made, the room had not been cleaned, and no water had been brought in. I laid in bed three hours listening to the singing of mosquitoes. Unable to sleep, I got up and dressed at 7 p.m. and went over to the dining room. It was deserted, but there was an electric light and I took a chair and tilted back, smoked a cigar, and thought about the long and interesting history of Albania, a curious people, unique among the peoples of the Mediterranean. For centuries it was subject to the inhuman rapacious Turkish rule, as I was told, during which subjection all efforts at progress ^{were} ~~being~~ immediately discouraged by confiscation and repression. I speculated as to the possibility or probability of this oppressed and very ignorant people expanding under partial independence, because although Turkish dominion was a thing of the past and Albania was nominally independent, in fact Italian influence was rapidly taking possession.

At 8 p.m. the proprietress and the one maid servant came in, each with a smiling face, and I was served along with the Italian regulars. Immediately after supper I went to bed to keep warm and try to sleep. My greatest difficulty was lack of light. The little oil lamp was utterly inadequate. If there had been just one electric bulb I could have wrapped up in a steamer rug and amused myself with writing.

Friday, 9 Nov., Tirana; raining a tropical downpour. I looked out of the door of "Il bagno" and saw that the yard was covered with several inches of water and looked like a lake. While I was dressing the maid waded across with one boiled egg, one cast iron roll,

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3499

and a cup of coffee.

At 10 a.m. I went to the American Consulate for Mr. Kugali. Together we went to the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. The Secretary sent for the Director of Agriculture, Mr. Teirana, who spoke Italian and French, so we ^umanaged to make ourselves understood without an interpreter. He promised full cooperation and talked with some enthusiasm about the organization and work of his department.

Next I called on the Technical Director, a German, who gave me a copy of the census questionnaire he had prepared and explained the situation he found at the beginning of his employment and the measures he was taking to bring about improvement. I took the questionnaire form, which was in Albanian, to the consulate and asked Mr. Kugali to have it translated for me. Also I wrote a telegram to the Rome office which a messenger took to the telegraph office. This telegram was simply to the effect that the Albanian officials promised cooperation in the census project. As a matter of fact it never reached Rome and we could only surmise that it was suppressed by an official censor.

Then I hunted up the one bank in Tirana which I found after considerable searching. It was hidden at the far end of an alley behind several other buildings, had no sign, and was closed because Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath. After luncheon I took a nap. At

(1928, Nov. Tirana)

E--3500

3 o'clock I again visited the National Bank. It was open and I was gravely informed that no business could be transacted and I should return the following day. I called at the American Consulate and left my passport~~/~~ to be presented to the police department for visee and permit to leave the condemned country. The passport~~/~~ was returned to me in the evening. The Albanian census questionnaire was not yet translated, and lest there should be delay I got Mr. Kugali to give me an oral translation which I jotted down between ~~the~~ the printed lines in shorthand, so the job was done in a few minutes.

I returned to the hotel and found that my things had been transferred from "Il bagno" to a room on the second floor of the main building. I went down to the dining room to ask that my laundry be sent up, hoping that it would be brought by the amiable maid, but the bearer turned out to be the general scavenger

Saturday, 10 Nov. Tirana; cloudy and threatening more rain. I slept through until 8 a.m., when the scavenger woman came in with a raw egg, a cast iron roll, and a cup of muddy black coffee. My laundry was brought back untouched after five days. I packed up, paid

(1928, Nov. Titana)

E--3501

my bill, got an automobile and left at 9 a.m.

The road was rough and full of puddles of water that splashed over the car as we passed through them. We reached Durazzo at 10 a.m. The boat was to leave late in the afternoon and as there was no place to check baggage I went to a hotel. As we entered the town I saw the sign "Bristol Hotel," a four story stone building overlooking the harbor. That sign looked good to me. On the way I saw the office of the Italian Navigation Company and stopped to buy a return ticket. I was to have a cabin on the "Otranto" scheduled to leave at 5 p.m., but I could go aboard at 4 p.m. At the hotel, after stamping about in a little anteroom, a tousled headed boy appeared, I registered, and was conducted to a room on the top floor. It had one window, a dilapidated bed, a commode on top of which was a tin basin and pitcher without water, and no towel. There was one chair and one electric bulb in the room. The Hotel Bristol was old, dilapidated, dirty, and appeared to be deserted. After my baggage was brought up I locked the door and went out for a walk. I climbed a steep street to the top of a hill that afforded a fine view of the harbor and the surrounding country. When the sun came out I took a few pictures. At several places I saw where excavations had been made, disclosing foundations and walls of old buildings, with fragments of columns and facades of white marble on which were broken inscriptions.

When I left the hotel I had noted a small one-story restaurant at the corner of two streets that looked neat from the outside. At noon I went to this restaurant, the only one in town, but when I got

(1928, Nov. Durazzo)

E--3502

inside I was appalled at the filth and smell of the place. I took a seat ~~next~~ at a pine table next to the window. The tables and windows were crawling with black flies. Unwashed workmen came in and took seats with their hats on and talking boisterously. After a long wait a waiter in a dirty apron came for my order. I tried a dish of macaroni, but could not eat it because of the olive oil in which it was drenched. I asked for a glass of wine, but when it came I found it was muddy, sour, and astringent as a green persimmon--horrible stuff that I could not drink. I had ordered eggs to be boiled three minutes and a loaf of bread. The bread came first and with a knife I hacked off the cast iron crust. After a long wait the eggs were brought in. I felt of them and they were stone cold. I broke one and it was raw. I sent the eggs back and asked that they be "bollito ~~ben~~ bene." After ten minutes the eggs were brought in and were warm to the touch, but rather discolored outside. I broke one over the plate and it exploded, scattering its putrid contents over the table. The report and my explosion into swear words brought a hearty laugh from the workmen at the adjoining tables, which broke out into a roar when I pointed my finger at the waiter and said "Phoo, phoo, sea; wipe it up you blankety blank sun of a gun." The waiter was a stupid dolt and looked at the mess in stolid confusion, which brought more laughter and a torrent of jibes from the spectators. I no longer felt either hungry or thirsty, paid my score of thirty cents at the cashier's desk, and returned to my gloomy bare room. I crossed the street in a flurry of hailstones. I smoked until 2 p.m. and then explored the lower floors. I found a dining room with one waiter in it and ordered a vermouth. After a long absence he returned with the ~~st~~ statement that none could be had. I then asked for some good wine. He returned with a glass of dark red wine that was little better than

(1928, Nov. Durazzo)

E--3503

vinegar. I drank it slowly and came near being sick. Porters came at 3.45 p.m. for my baggage. On the pier I was required to show my passport, the details of which were laboriously copied into a book. Then into a row boat with half a dozen other passengers, all looking quite as miserable as I felt. The water was rough and the rowers had a hard time pulling the boat out to the ship, which we reached shortly after 4 p.m.

The "Otranto" was much larger and more commodious than the boat I came over on. I was pleased to find that I was to have a medium sized cabin to myself. Never had the days, hours, and minutes seemed so long ~~inxxxx~~ as in Albania. The country was primitive and uncomfortable. The skies had been continuously overcast, with heavy rain, cold, insufficient light, no artificial heat, poor food, no place to go, nothing of interest to see, and not much that a human being could do except lay in bed and try to think of other and more cheerful climes and peoples. I had eaten scarcely anything for 24 hours so that the supper on the little steamer tasted good in spite of the condemned olive oil in which it was cooked. The small group of passengers were all ^{too} depressed to try to converse or get acquainted and they disappeared into their cabins as soon as they had eaten. I did likewise.

Sunday, 11 Nov. Bari; raining steadily. I was awakened by an employe of the boat at 5 a.m. although we did not enter the harbor until 6.30 a.m. and did not tie up at the wharf until 7 a.m. I had to wait half an hour or more for the return of my passport, and then open all my baggage and have every item of my personal belongings inspected by the customs officers. Throughout this senseless formality I had a volunteer guide and interpreter who seemed to be quite as much interested in the contents of my baggage as were the

(1928, Nov. Barri)

E--3504

customs officers. When I was at last free I was transported through a heavy downpour to the Oriental Hotel where I was given a room on the top floor, which made it necessary to use the elevator. After getting settled I walked the streets for nearly an hour in the rain and finally succeeded in finding a store with cigars. I bought the entire stock, twelve in number, much to the astonishment of the proprietor. I had asked the porter of the hotel to arrange for a railway ticket and sleeper reservation to Rome for the evening. After luncheon I tried to take a nap, but without success because of a rumpus in the adjoining room. It was too cold to un^{pack} my typewriter and stationery to write letters. It was too wet to walk the streets outside, so I had nothing to do. The best I could do was to smoke, drink cognac, write up my expense account, and mentally review my experiences.

At 8 p.m. the hotel restaurant opened and I could put in time dallying with supper. At 9.40 p.m. I left the hotel with my baggage and reached the railway station just as my train pulled in. I was soon installed in a compartment and in bed and thanking all the powers that be that at last I was again in a civilized country and headed for Rome. I promptly fell asleep and did not wake until the following morning.

Monday, 12 Nov. Rome; bright, clear and cold. On awaking I realized that the compartment was so narrow as to make it difficult to dress. We were cross^{ing} the Campagna and because of the heavy rains newly sown grain was coming up and giving a tinge of green to the landscape. The railway station in Rome was crowded, as were the streets, and at the Piazza Venezia continuous columns of soldiers were passing and saluting the Umberto Monument.

I reached the Minerva Hotel at 8.30 a.m. Although I had telegraphed for a reservation I was told I would have to wait an hour or

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3505

more for a room to be vacated. This was disappointing because after the week in Tir^ana I felt the need of a bath and change of clothing and had been looking forward to it. I went out to a restaurant for breakfast and returned at 9.30, and was pleased to find that my baggage had been installed in my old room. After a bath and change of clothing I felt like a new man. Shortly after 10 a.m. I reached the Casetta office and found Dr. Salto on duty. Evidently he had read up on Albania because he gave me much information concerning it, all to the general effect that the Albanians are quite different from the peoples surrounding them and are the direct descendants of the Illyrians, but have been a subject race for centuries and were then sending many emigrants to other countries, mainly the United States. Later Miss Vanzetti appeared. This was the first time she had felt able to come to the office in three weeks and she still looked very pale and weak, but was bright and cheerful. She was much excited over the prospect of getting a room in a modern apartment house with heat and hot water. Mr. Longobardi returned in the afternoon from a vacation with his parents in Naples. He showed me a series of photographs he had taken in Albania where he saw military service during the war and where he underwent many hardships. The printed proof of the revised census bulletin was received late in the afternoon and I immediately started reading it. Also I received a long letter from the British Colonial Office giving extracts of articles that had appeared in the colonial press regarding the census. I had a letter from Carl Snyder, president of the American Statistical Association, asking me to address the Association at the December meeting. On the way to the hotel I stopped at the American Express office and engaged passage to New York on the S.S. Augustus leaving Genoa December 11. Had a good supper and did some writing. (Mother, Nov. 12, yellow folder)

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(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3506

Tuesday, 13 Nov. Rome; bright, clear and cold. At the office I finished reading and correcting the proof of the census bulletin. Mr. Hodgson spent an hour with me relating his troubles, the main one being that his budget had been reduced. Mr. Longobardi said the Secretary General wanted to know if the census project could get along on the same allowance from the Institute as last year, and I said yes, and probably less. Got prints of the photographs taken in Albania and found some of them spoiled by a leak in the camera.

In the evening I took Miss Vanzetti to the Ristorante Ulpia where we had a good supper, music, and wine. She seemed to enjoy it greatly, but she was still very weak and at 11 p.m., just as we were thinking of leaving, she had a fainting spell in the Via Sacra room. With the assistance of one of the waiters we carried her up stairs to a cloak room where she quickly revived. I got her into a taxi and took her to her apartment and remained with her until she appeared to be fully recovered. In her room she was animated and cheerful and expressed her chagrin that she had fainted for the first time in her life.

Wednesday, 14 Nov. Rome; clear and cold. Miss Vanzetti came to the office at 11.30 a.m. She said she believed her fainting spell the evening before was ^{caused} caused by smoking cigarettes with opium in them because she had tried two in the morning with almost the same effect. After her arrival one of the Institute employes brought over a camera and took pictures of our office group. We could not get the office cat, a magnificent specimen that had adopted the Casetta as his home. An Italian agent of the Powers tabulating machine called. I spent the day drafting replies to correspondence and a memorandum regarding the proposed Encyclopedia of Social

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3507

Science, which Mr. Hobson had sent to Mr. Dore with request that various^s members of the staff comment upon the prospectus. On the way to the hotel I stopped to pay for my passage to New York. Bought a copy of France's^a "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe Bleue." Had a fairly good supper at the San Carlo and reached my room at 9.15 p.m. It was too cold for comfort and I sat reading in my overcoat.

(Memorandum for Mr. Dore regarding "Cyclopedia of Social Science"
14 Nov. yellow folder)

(Report to Secretary General on Albania, same. *omit*)

Rome, 13 November 1928.

"Memorandum for Mr. Dore.

"Dear Mr. Dore:

"Relative to Mr. Hobson's letter of November 8 and the attached outline of topics for the proposed 'Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences,' I will say that I have examined the outline with much interest. It is very comprehensive and if each topic is properly treated the whole will include about all there is to be said concerning the social aspect of agriculture in certain important regions of the earth, necessarily leaving out of consideration important phases of agriculture, agricultural history and life in many other important regions. However, this is necessary if, as stated, American agriculture is to be stressed.

"The number of topics is so great that in noting apparent omissions I later found that they were explicitly or implicitly included in other items. However, following are some of the subjects I fail to see in reading through the list:

Botanical gardens;

Agricultural museums;

Model and demonstration farms;

The Flower industry;

Creation of new varieties of plants and improved strains of existing varieties by breeding and selection;

The seed industry;

Horticulture under glass;

Village and communal organization, less important in

English speaking countries, but more important in

all other countries;

Agriculture of indigenous tribes, such as the Indians of

America, the natives of Africa, Asia, and Oceania;

Effect on agriculture of lack of security of life
and property;

Effect of alcoholism and narcotics on agriculture
in certain countries, such as alcoholic deriva-
tives of Maguay in Mexico, opium in certain
Oriental countries, hashisch, coco and cocaine,
betel nut, ghat, and so forth.

"Nor do I recall seeing specific mention of tropical agriculture
as such; or the effect of over-population on farm practices, methods,
and life, as in Egypt, China, and India; or the effect of extreme sub-
divison of the land through inheritance, and the resulting fractional
strip farming that is characteristic of many regions.

"I presume that mention will be made in connection with 'Forests'
of the wonderful reforestation work in Korea; 'large scale production,'
the Argentine cattle and cereal production, Brazilian coffee planta-
tions, Cuban sugar plantations, Hawaiian sugar and pineapple planta-
tions, banana and coconut plantations, rubber, tea, and chincona plan-
tations, in various countries; 'soil,' conspicuous examples of erosion
in Korea and China; 'auction,' the daily auction sales of produce in
Holland; 'storage,' the government warehouses for coffee in Brazil,
of rice in Japan, and of grain reserves in Russia; 'migratory labor,'
the periodical employment of such labor in Argentina and Cuba; under
'serfdom,' I suggest that the last words of the paragraph ending
'gradual appearance' should be 'gradual disappearance,' and mention
should be made of serfdom as it exists today in Ethiopia, as well as
'slavery,' which also exists in that country; 'canning industry,'
large scale operations in Hawaii.

"There is some apparent duplication of topics between different
sections of the outline, but I presume that is inevitable where the
subject is to be viewed from different angles and in different rela-

tionships.

"I have made no attempt to suggest names of specialists on the various topics because I suspect most of the writers will necessarily be selected from America and various European countries, and I believe that the agricultural specialists in the United States are probably better informed as to 'who is who,' each in his own special field in American and other countries, than I am.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3508

Thursday, 15 Nov. Rome; clear and cold. Finished dictating correspondence so that my desk was clear. Began reading an exhaustive report of the president of the Institute reviewing agricultural conditions throughout the world. Got the name of a hotel in Geneva so that I could answer a questionnaire from the Secretary General of the League of Nations. Miss Vanzetti was in high good humor because she thought she saw a prospect of renting two rooms in an apartment house with heat and hot water, and of allowing the Theosophical Society of Rome ^{to} meet once a week in one of the rooms for more than half what she would have to pay. I could sympathize with the poor little lady ~~in~~ afflicted with rheumatism in her desire to inhabit a room made comfortable with artificial heat and have a constant supply of hot water available, two luxuries not generally to be had in Rome.

Friday, 16 Nov. Rome; cloudy and cold enough for snow. Replied to letter from Mr. Hobson regarding my arrival at Geneva, and a similar letter from the Secretary General of the League. In the afternoon Mr. Ferguson, chief of the Division of Economics, brought over a paper prepared by himself and Mr. Montgomery with respect to the proposed "Cyclopedia of Social Science" for my inspection. Mr. Dore, Acting Secretary General, ^{came} over in the afternoon and was very cordial, an attitude entirely different from that he displayed when I first joined the Institute in 1925. Noted that I was getting better service at the San Carlo and other restaurants because my command of Italian was improving and I had acquired sufficient experience to know how to order and to specify how things should be cooked, and to call in advance for pepper, salt, and condiments to flavor their insipid foods. Also I was able to limit the quantity of olive oil that caused me so much intestinal trouble.
(Hobson and Hutcheson, and Sister, 16 Nov.)

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3509

Saturday, 17 Nov. Rome; cloudy and warmer. At the office I had a long conversation with Mr. Longobardi, who was exceptionally well informed and sensible. Mr. Hodgson brought over an Italian teacher of agriculture who said that Mr. Lubin had promised to get him a position in the United States but died before he fulfilled his promise. He asked me to see Mr. Hobson and induce him to carry out the promise of Mr. Lubin as a matter of good faith on the part of the American Delegate. He could not speak a word of English but thought he could learn it in four months. He said he was already familiar with the climate, soils, and crop production of the United States from his reading. After he left Mr. Hodgson remained to talk for a long time about his official troubles, of which he always seemed to have a choice collection.

After luncheon I went to the hotel and had a long nap. At 8 o'clock I called for Miss Vanzetti and we had supper at Alfredo's. We had vegetable soup, grilled chicken and potatoes, bread and butter, nuts and dates, coffee and wine. The supper, lights, music, and bright surroundings, cheered her greatly. She ^{was} still very pale and in a dark velvet gown with red trimmings looked quite distinguished.

Sunday, 18 Nov. Rome; cloudy, showers, and colder. During the night I developed a bad cold. Spent most of the day in bed sneezing and blowing my nose. Read a copy of the Scientific Monthly and wrote a short letter to my sister.

Monday, 19 Nov. Rome; clear and pleasantly warm. My cold was troublesome. Had a letter from mother saying that Otis had a severe case of puppy love for the wife of the tenant in Sunny Hill

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3510

House. Obtained enlarged copies of the photograph of "Il bagno" that I occupied at Tirana and mailed one to the maid servant at the Palace Hotel. Continued reading the report of President De Michelis on the world situation of agriculture, which was mostly a series of comments, but rather interesting. Began reading some Scientific Monthlies that had accumulated in the office. Miss Vanzetti rather flurried because she was asked to make a deposit on the rental of the heated rooms she wanted. She had been expecting a check from Representative Sol Bloom for some translations she had made for him of Italian patent laws. Sent the proof of the new census bulletin to the printer and copies were promised for Thursday next.

Tuesday, 20 Nov. Rome; bright and ~~zh~~ cold. My cold was worse. At noon I went to the America Express and bought transportation to Geneva. Dictated a form letter for transmitting copies of the revised census bulletin to all governments. Reading Scientific Monthlies and found them exceedingly interesting. More proof of the census bulletin began to arrive.

Wednesday, 21 Nov. Rome; another clear cold day. Bought an additional supply of handkerchiefs because of my bad cold. Little to do at the office except revise, correct, and return proof of the bulletin as fast as received, which we finished in the afternoon. Had a complete account of the census allotment of funds prepared. Photographs of the Casetta family delivered and were fairly good. ~~In the evening I took Miss Vanzetti to the Ulpia~~ I took the office force with me to luncheon, but it was somewhat unsatisfactory because of a noisy banquet in progress and poor service at the restaurant. In the evening I took Miss Vanzetti to the Ulpia and we had a very pleasant evening. In her conversation I thought I detected

(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3511

a note of reproach, although it was a very delicate one, because I had not volunteered to advance the funds (about 2,400 lire) for the deposit on the steam heated apartment she wished to rent. She did not mention the subject specifically and perhaps I was wholly mistaken, but that was my intuitive interpretation of a slight coolness, which I accepted gracefully and willingly because it was strictly in accordance with her repeated statement that in all things she preferred to be absolutely free which, of course, implied a corresponding freedom on the part of her friends and associates. This time we parted at the street entrance.

Thursday, 22 Nov. Rome; cloudy and threatening rain. Although I was to leave in the evening I did not follow my usual practice of packing up and settling my account in advance and losing the use of my room as happened when I went to Albania. At the office I waited for printed copies of the revised bulletin to take with me to Geneva. They had not come by noon. Miss Vanzetti bewailed her inability to make up the cash deposit required for the heated apartment and I wished I could gratify her, but the amount was more than I cared to advance in the circumstances. I could be sympathetic only. I left the office at noon and on the way happened to remember that I had no visée on my passport for Switzerland. My mind was relieved on this point at the American Express where I was ~~told~~ told that Switzerland did not require a visée--which demonstrated that Switzerland ^{was} perhaps the most enlightened country in all the world. After luncheon I packed up ready to leave. Then took a taxi back to the office. The printed bulletins had arrived and I took a package with me, another package to follow by ~~maxx~~ mail. I left instructions also to send copies to certain individuals especially interested in them. Mr. Hodgson called and said his wife and child were in Geneva. At 3

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(1928, Nov. Rome)

E--3512

o'clock I bid an affectionate farewell to my little office force, Mr. Longobardi, Dr. Salto, and Miss Vanzetti, who had become very dear to me. As I drove away I looked back and saw them still standing at the entrance and we waved hands at each other, and it was with considerable emotion that I took a parting look at them, at the dear little Casetta, the statue of Bacchus, the fountain and old Neptune half submerged in it, the Piazza del Popolo, and the Corso. Somehow I had a strong feeling that I might never see them again. So strong was this feeling that in my heart I said "Farewell forever, dear ones, if so be it we never see each other again." All of which was very foolish, of course, because the premonition was a false one and I did later return to Rome. The gloom at parting may have been induced by the tears that dimmed my eyes, and the tears may have been caused by the severe cold from which I was suffering. Quien sabe. I only know that at the time they and Rome seemed very dear to me, that I was full of emotion, and I had a strong feeling that I would never see them again. Anyhow it was an experience for which I was none the worse.

I had supper at the hotel. It was only half as good and cost twice as much as a similar supper in a restaurant. At 8.30 p.m. I left for the railway station, where I found Mr. Longobardi and Dr. Salto waiting for me. They went with me to the compartment and remained talking until the train began to move. They said Miss Vanzetti proposed to come with them to see me off but they dissuaded her because of the precarious state of her health. Surely it was some compensation to have made such warm and devoted friends.

Friday, 23 Nov. to Geneva; cloudy and cold. I was awakened at 7 a.m. by the train porter with a cup of hot coffee. It was comfortable in the compartment, but looked cold outside. We reached

(1928, Nov. to Geneva)

E--3513

Milan at 8.45 a.m. One of Cook's agents took charge of my baggage and had it transferred to the end of the platform, about three city blocks, and after waiting a quarter of an hour I was installed in a smoking compartment of the through coach for Geneva. The train left Milan at 9.45 a.m. At 11 o'clock we passed through Asona on a lake with steamboats, and a heavy fog beginning to break. At noon we were at Domadossalo, of unpleasant memory because it was there on my last trip from Geneva I was turned back on account of visée. This station is near the foot of the Alps with snow capped^P peaks on all sides. At 1 p.m. we reached Vargo high up on the loose stones of the slope on the Italian side of the Alps. Then came the great Simplon Tunnel and on the other side everything was covered with snow. We first saw Lake Lemane at Villeneuve and from that point on the train followed the shore of the lake. At 5 p.m. we were at Vevey on the lake shore with a fine view of the Alps across the lake. In my compartment were a Spanish gentleman and an attractive lady who made violent love to each other all day and got off at Lausanne.

We arrived at Geneva at 6.30 p.m., long after dark, and I went to the Hotel Les Berges. I was surprised to recognize this hotel as the one at which I had stopped in 1926 and even more surprised to be given the same room. My trunk failed to come through on the same train, which caused me some inconvenience. I rang for drinking water and in half an hour it came. Then I took a strong drink of whiskey and some quinine for my cold. At 7.30 p.m. Mr. Hobson called. He said he was taking a course in economics at the University of Geneva; that at a conference the previous evening he had succeeded in having a provision inserted calling upon the government to take a ^ecâsus in 1930; that a form of protocol or treaty had been drawn up which included a provision that all governments should

(1928, Nov. Geneva)

E--3514

take a decennial agricultural censuses in accordance with instructions from the International Institute of Agriculture. We separated at 8 p.m. Before leaving he introduced me to Sir Arthur Salter, an official of the League of Nations, obviously strictly British. I went into the great dining room alone and had an excellent supper, except that I had to ask for butter to go with the bread and had to wait a long time for it. As I was finishing my wine a messenger came and said a gentleman in the lobby wished to see me. It turned out to be a German who wished to see a Mr. Hoffman, so that I was disturbed unnecessarily. After supper I walked up the main street and back. It was dimly lighted and all shops were closed.

Saturday, 24 Nov. Geneva; cloudy, gloomy, rainy, and cold. After breakfast I bought some money of the American Express, some cough medicine, a bottle of whiskey, and a box of cigars. My cold still persisted and my voice was husky.

At 10 o'clock I called at the office of the American Consul where I found Mr. Hobson and Miss Dickson comfortably installed in a small office room. He took me in to see the Consul General, Mr. Blake. In his office I also met my old friend, Dr. E. Dana Durand, former Director of the Bureau of the Census and then economic adviser to the Secretary of Commerce. We adjourned to Mr. Hobson's office and discussed the situation of Messrs. Durand and Hobson as delegates of the United States, but without authority to sign any treaty convention that might be adopted by the Economic Conference. Dr. Durand and I walked back to the hotel. He was installed in a large suite of rooms overlooking the lake. There we spent some time discussing the program of the conference.

At 1 p.m. the Consul General called with his automobile in which ^{were} ~~was~~ Mrs. Blake and Mr. Hobson. We were then driven out beyond the city limits to a beautiful old estate that Mr. Rand had rented.

(1928, Nov. Geneva)

E--3515

It had five or six acres of grounds and park about it, an avenue of fine old trees, and about thirty acres of agricultural land attached to it. The house was said to be over two centuries old, with spacious rooms, fine old furniture, many oil paintings, and a large library. We sat smoking and drinking cocktails in a large corner room with a blazing wood fire on the open hearth. In due time we entered the magnificent dining room and a delicious dinner was served, including fresh raspberries that came from northern Italy or southern France. Through the windows one had a good view of the snow covered Jura Mountains to the west.

Next we were driven to the great building occupied by the League of Nations and there we had a long conference with a Mr. Leavit, a member of the League staff, regarding the organization of the Conference. Dr. Durand made it plain that he was not authorized to sign anything on behalf of the United States, and he argued that a treaty was not necessary because a simple recommendation by the Conference would be sufficient. Mr. Leavit replied that the League Council was strongly of the opinion that a treaty is of great help in getting necessary funds from reluctant legislative bodies because they are ashamed to withhold funds which would prevent their governments ^{fr} from living up to their treaty obligations. With respect to the agricultural census all were agreed that the resolution that had been drafted was sufficient and that a treaty stipulation would not be required. Mr. Hobson, however, thought that a statement should be prepared showing what steps had been taken to promote the taking of a world wide census by the International Institute of Agriculture for the information of the League of Nations and of the delegates to the Diplomatic Conference on Economic Statistics.

On returning to the hotel I drafted such a statement. Later Mr. Hobson called and together we went to the apartment he had rented

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some distance out and facing a park. Mrs. Hobson had prepared a nice supper. Mr. Hobson said that he expected the permanent delegate of the United States would be withdrawn from the Institute at the end of the fiscal year, at which time he would return to the Department of Agriculture, but did not know what his future work would be. I inferred from what he said that the withdrawal of the permanent delegate and the policy of nonparticipation in the affairs of the Institute had been recommended by him and that in any event he would not return to the Institute so long as De Mich-
elis remained as president. In the meantime he would continue to ~~draw~~ draw the salary of the permanent delegate and live at Geneva and continue his postgraduate course in economics.

I reached the hotel at 10.30 p.m. through deserted streets.

Sunday, 25 Nov. Geneva; raining all day, with a ~~sk~~ cold mourn-
ful wind blowing. Writing a statement regarding the progress of the census project. Had a call from Mr. Dore, who had arrived the previous evening and I told him what had taken place during the day. Sent a telegram to Mr. Longobardi to rush copies of the French edition of the revised bulletin. After luncheon Dr. Durand beckoned to me across the dining room and introduced me to a young man from the Federal Reserve Bank at Philadelphia, a Mr. Newhurst. Then we spent an hour in his apartment discussing the program, after which I went to my room and had a long nap. At 7 p.m. I called on Dr. Durand and together we walked across one of the bridges to the other side of the lake and up a hill to a little restaurant, ~~the~~ Le Place d'Argent. The walls were literally covered with paintings, some of them very good. Dr. Durand was not well and I was suffering from a severe cold so that our order was a moderate one. Mr. Newhurst became quite enthusiastic about ~~some of my~~

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account of some of my travel experiences and urged me to write three books, one on the United States, one on foreign countries, and one on statistical and agricultural organization. The ^Psuper was good and the surroundings cheerful. We walked back to the hotel at 11 p.m.

~~(Statement on the agricultural census, 25 Nov. yellow folder)~~

omit

(1928, Nov. Geneva)

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Monday, 26 Nov. Geneva; alternate rain and sunshine, very cold in the evening. Mr. Hobson came to the hotel after breakfast and we had a preliminary conference with Dr. Durand and Mr. Newhurst. Then we went to the League of Nations building where the Conference opened at 11 a.m. with a one hour speech by the president. At 12.30 p.m. Mr. Hobson led us back through the business section through a driving rain to a small restaurant that was overheated. I fared badly because the food was drenched in olive oil, except a beef steak that I ordered "medium well done" and that came on only half cooked.

The afternoon session of the conference began at 3.30 p.m. and lasted until 6.30 p.m. and was very tiresome. The Dutch delegation created some surprise. Mr. Methurst was spokesman. As Secretary General of the International Institute of Statistics, he prepared most of the material at the request of the League of Nations that was to serve as the basis of discussion of the conference. But as official delegate of the government of Holland and serving under specific instructions it was his unpleasant duty to announce that unless reservations were incorporated in^a the treaty th^a would leave Holland absolutely free to take independent action with respect to statistics, and to withhold from publication any or all statistics, the delegates from Holland could ^{not} ~~not~~ sign the treaty. A number of dull papers were re read and much time was lost in translating them into either English or French. At the close of the session Mr. Hobson took me up to the platform and introduced me to the presiding officer, M. Rappard, and my name w^a ~~as~~ listed for a paper the following afternoon.

At a desk next to mine sat Mr. ^{Arnold} ~~Pearson~~ ^{GC} (?), Secretary of ~~the~~ the British Cotton Spinners Association, whom I had met in the United States and at Cairo, Egypt. He was very cordial. More surprising still was the appearance of a lady in one of the seats reserved for

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ladies who looked very familiar and she waved her hand at me, but for the moment I could not remember her. At the noon recess I approached the section where she was sitting and at once she rose and came to meet me. It was the ^{Mrs. E. Greely} ~~lady~~ Wisconsin at ^{the} forestry congress in Rome in 1925, whom I had entertained, and who had said when we parted that she was going to Vienna. This time she said she was in Geneva studying the League of Nations. She was cordial, but somehow had become very unattractive. For one thing she had become very stout, heavy, and gross, and her face was heavy. I suspected she had drank too freely of the good Austrian beer. At any rate I did not feel inclined to pursue the acquaintance and never saw her again.

Tuesday, 27 Nov. Geneva; more rain, heavy clouds, short intervals of sunshine, but generally dark, gloomy, wet, soppy, and very cold. An abominable climate for one with a severe cold. All day long the delegates patiently listened to endless speeches in both ~~Eng~~ English and French, and in the case of Russian papers three times because they were first read in Russian and then translated into French and then into English. The Russian papers were interesting because of the ingenious way in which propaganda was woven into them; also because the delegation insisted that there must be complete statistics of the production and commerce in arms and ammunition, labor, wages, housing, and conditions of labor, also the charge that the proposed outline of statistics was designed by capitalistic and special interests to obtain information desired by them without reference to the laboring population who are responsible for all production and are universally fleeced by capitalists. The translation of this paper was listened to with close attention by all the delegates. The presiding officer thanked the Russian delegation for having come so far to attend the conference

(1928, Nov. Geneva)

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and for their evident desire to cooperate. Mr. Hobson in a brief address expressed his appreciation of the opportunity offered for cooperation between the United States and the conference. Dr. Durand gave an excellent talk in which he outlined the economic statistics of the United States, but unfortunately it was rather long. My paper followed on the agricultural census. I felt very uncomfortable because it seemed desirable for the sake of brevity and accuracy to read the paper so that I could not look the audience in the face, and my cold was so severe that I was in constant fear that my voice would fail me. However, I got through and my paper was well and effectively translated into French and was applauded.

Because of my cold I declined to go to a picture show in the evening.

Wednesday, 28 Nov. Geneva; more gloomy clouds, showers, and cold. The worst thing about this abominable climate was that whenever the clouds did lift or break for a few minutes the icy looking water of the lake and the snow covered hills and mountains made the whole place look like a section out of the arctic regions.

The whole forenoon was spent listening to the reading of papers and their translation. Mr. Hobson brought over from the consulate an armfull of the new census bulletins, ^{in English} but the official in charge of distribution thought they should be held until the French edition arrived.

I took luncheon as the guest of Mr. Craig, the Scotch statistician of the Egyptian government at Cairo and a member of the British delegation, at the Regina, a modest little hotel with a small dining room. Mr. Craig, was a shrewd, genial, elderly Scotchman, but very difficult to converse with because of deafness.

(1928, Nov. Geneva)

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At the hotel reading a book loaned to me By Dr. Durand "Whither Mankind" by Prof. Beard, a symposium of different authors on the trend of modern life as compared with ancient days.

A rather tiresome afternoon followed with a discussion of production statistics, Dr. Durand presiding and Mr. Jahn of Norway acting as reporter.

I walked back to the hotel with Mr. Newhurst and we had supper together. Mr. Rand the Consul General invited me to call at his residence the following day in the afternoon to join the other Americans in celebrating Thanksgiving.

Thursday, 29 Nov. Geneva; cloudy and very cold. An all day session of the committee on production statistics was had, practically the entire day being devoted to points raised by the Soviet delegation. There were five delegates and they proposed one measure after another that were deemed by others impracticable. These five seemed to think that the formulation of a desire was all that was required and it never seemed to enter their heads ^{that} there ~~there~~ were difficulties which could not be overcome by ordinary means or within the bounds of reasonable expense. Not a single one of their proposals was accepted. Toward the close of the session the agricultural census came up for consideration and a whole hour was spent in arguing about the date of the census. The Soviet delegation announced that they would have a number of proposals regarding the census which they would submit the following day. As we were leaving the hall I asked one of the delegates if he would kindly send an advance copy of their census proposals to me at the hotel so that I would have an opportunity to consider whether they were acceptable or could be modified so as to make them acceptable. He promised, but the copy never came.

(1928, Nov. Geneva)

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At the noon recess Messrs. Durand, Newhurst, and I accompanied Mr. Hobson to his apartments where we had a real Thanksgiving dinner, with roast turkey and trimmings. Had supper with Dr. Durand and Mr. Newhurst and spent the evening with them discussing the questions that had been under consideration at the conference and the attitude of the various delegations toward them, especially the Soviet delegation. We were agreed that it looked much as if the Soviet delegation had deliberately ~~for~~ formulated a long list of proposals that were obviously impracticable, advocated them strenuously and took up the time of the conference simply to embarrass it, and in order that they might return to their country and report that all their proposals had been rejected by a capitalistic assembly.

Friday, 10 Nov. Geneva; cloudy, cold, snowing, dark, gloomy, and very disagreeable. Having trouble with my cold, which still hangs on. The discussions opened in the morning on the proposals of the Soviet delegation with about six typewritten pages of impracticable details to be included in the agricultural census. Three of the five members of the delegation spoke in favor of their proposals, which they seemed to think were original and entirely practicable. By the time these had been read in Russian and then interpreted into French and English everyone was thoroughly tired.

I obtained recognition and said in effect that in early youth when we were yet without knowledge or experience of what could or could not be done we all had beautiful iridescent dreams, lovely dreams of setting everything to rights in this world in which we live; then came disillusionment as we learned that there are many things in nature, such as the weather, that are uncertain, unpredictable, and uncontrollable by human agencies, and that because of differences of race, environment, history, heredity, and psycholo-

giggy human beings are perverse, and because of this uncertainty of nature and perversity of humans many of the best laid plans cannot be realized. The beautiful schemes presented to the conference by the Soviet delegation were like the irridescent dreams that all youthful or inexperienced statisticians have until experience disillusions them; that in the life of nations the Soviet Union was very very young, so young that its dreamers had not yet had sufficient experience to disillusion them of many beautiful ideas; that youth and the energy and imagination that go with youth are beautiful things, but age and the knowledge and wisdom that comes from trial, failure, and disillusionment cannot be disregarded in considering measures that are to apply to a wonderfully diverse world; and that within my own personal experience I had seen each and every one of the proposals of the Soviet delegation tried with either complete failure or results that were disappointing and worthless; that in this first experimental attempt to induce the whole world to take an agricultural census in the same year and according to the same general plan to secure more complete and comparable statistics than had ever before been available, and considering the depleted treasuries of most countries and the lack of experience of many countries in census taking, I felt that it was of vital and paramount importance that the census should be limited to essentials only, leaving each country free to enlarge its individual census to any extent it considered desirable, and for these reasons I appealed to the assembly to reject the proposals of the Soviet delegation.

This statement met with responsive applause, but to ease down the Soviet delegation the chairman appointed a committee consisting of Mr. Ito of Japan as chairman, a member of the German delegation, a member of the Holland delegation, Mr. Meek of India,

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one from the Soviet delegation, and myself. For one hour in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon the members of the committee argued with the Soviet member, but he would not argue the merits of individual proposals and kept repeating over and over the same formula, the Soviet proposals should be unanimously approved by the subcommittee and reported to the full commission with recommendation for adoption by the conference. At last I lost patience and said that if the Soviet delegates could come into a conference at this late date with a long list of proposals which experienced statisticians believed to be impracticable then the other ~~to~~ 199 countries listed by the International Institute of Agriculture had an equal right to submit a long list of questions which they would like to have the Soviet Union answer. I moved that the subcommittee report unanimously to the commission with recommendation that the Soviet proposals be rejected. This motion was promptly seconded, voted unanimously except for the Soviet delegate, and so reported to the commission, where similar action was promptly taken. My advocacy of the census project in the form approved by the International Institute of Agriculture had won. At the same time I could not but admire the Soviet delegation for their pertinacity in presenting one proposal after another, advocating it ably, and going down to defeat on each one, without losing courage for the next.

I walked back to the hotel with Mr. Dore who complimented me highly on my success in heading off the numerous proposals of the Soviet delegation. He said my remarks about the futility of iridescent dreams of inexperience as exemplified by the Soviet delegation had pleased the fancy of all the elderly delegates from other countries and they were chuckling about it in the corridors. To me

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this was one of the most trying conferences I had ever attended, partly because of the severe cold from which I was suffering and the abominable weather, and partly because of the numerous papers to be read and then translated as we proceeded. Then, too, there was the language difficulty. For example, the three hour session of our subcommittee was conducted in German, which I and Mr. Meeker from India had difficulty in understanding, and we had no interpreter.

When I returned to the hotel I found on the table in my room a package of anti-Soviet propaganda--which I thought was rather quick work on the part of whoever was looking after the matter.

Saturday, 1 Dec. Geneva; cloudy, dark, gloomy, intermittent showers, and very cold. I attended a meeting of a committee on forestry. After an argument lasting two hours the members agreed on the original wording of the resolution. Then came three hours of fruitless argument over the statistics of minerals and the whole matter was referred to a subcommittee. After a long and heated argument with one of the Soviet delegates who waylaid me in a corridor I escaped, and bought some postcards, cigars, and a bottle of whiskey. Spent the afternoon writing letters. While so en-

(1928, Dec. Geneva)

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and I neither saw nor expected to see her again.

At 7 p.m. Dr. Durand called up by telephone and proposed that we take supper at the Place d'Argent. I joined him and Mr. Newhurst and we walked across the bridge as before. We had a very satisfactory supper with good wine at less than half the price of similar entertainment at the hotel.

(Olsen, 1 Dec. Geneva, ✓ yellow folder)

(Mother, same. ✓)

Extracts from letter of December 1 to Chief of Bureau

in Washington:

"Dear Mr. Olsen:

"I think I sent you a copy of my report to the Institute of my visit to Albania--the jumping off place of Europe. I suspect that I failed to mention that the best accommodations I was able to obtain in Tirana, the capital city, was a mud hut bagno alongside the chicken coop, stable, woodshed and servants quarters k in the rear of a court yard permanently under three inches of water, and that the only furniture of this luxurious establishment--because there are not more than three bathrooms in all Albania--only this bathroom had no provision for water--only a bathtub--was an iron cot and a canvas camp chair, with a five cent lamp for light. Nor did this report say anything about the rotten eggs that were served to me at Durazzo, the port, or the astringent wine that turned my stomach and convinced me that I was neither hungry nor thirsty.

x x x x

"I rely upon Mr. Gray to report results of the 9th General Assembly of the Institute at Rome, and upon Mr. Hobson to report upon the meeting of the International Conference of the League of Nations here, because they have stenographic facilities which I have not.

"The Goddamned depressing climate of Geneva at this season is responsible for my pessimistic impression of the Conference. For a whole week we have not seen the sun--nothing but continuous fog, rain, snow, clouds, gloom, lack of heat, and dreary aspect.

"There are delegates from 42 countries present, and after talking from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. for a solid week they have not yet agreed upon the first three paragraphs of the proposed treaty, which has for its object the unification of international statistics relating to production and industry. When you remember that the 42 countries represented

speak about thirty different languages and that every address from a different delegate who wants to get his name on the records and thereby justify the expense of his visit to Geneva has to be translated into two different languages, and when you remember that the remarks of the different delegates consist mainly of platitudes, you can realize how tiresome the whole performance is. Especially in view of the fact that the proposed treaty is so general in its terms and that every clause has the wide open door of an 'if possible' and the whole thing could be agreed to in five minutes, leaving each signatory country absolutely free to do or not to do the things listed as it sees fit, one wonders why all this wearisome futile discussion.

"Most of the trouble arises from the infantile proposals of the Bolshevik Union of Soviet Socialist Republics that once was Russia. This group is a delegation of badly spoiled grown-up children that are aching and crying for an emphatic spanking. The only compromise that they will consider is the adoption without modification or reservation by all the rest of the world of their own sacred pet schemes--which mostly hinge about the sacred omnipotent rights of ignorant imbecile unskilled labor. It seems to make not the slightest difference to them and absolutely no impression on their minds that they are unanimously voted down time after time, unfailingly, continuously, and without exception. They accept defeat as a matter of course and always come up smiling with another new, wild, impracticable scheme which they deem essential to the salvation of mankind along Soviet lines.

"When they sprung on the Convention many pages of amendments to the World Agricultural Census Project that had been approved by the last General Assembly, I took the floor. They had said that they knew nothing of the census project until the day before when

copies of the revised census bulletin were distributed. I remarked that this statement coming from them was a surprise to me, and certainly was not an honest or a sincere statement, because Russia had been a member of the Institute since 1905, and as such the President of the Institute had notified them of the proposed international census; that they had been invited in writing to send delegates to the General Assemblies especially to consider and help formulate the plans for the census; that I had personally visited them at Moscow in 1926, and that they and other officials had assured me of their willingness to cooperate in the census, and that thereafter they had been kept fully informed of the action taken and the progress made in the census project; and that therefore it was absolutely impossible that the delegation from Russia was uninformed; nor could they as intelligent human beings deny their obligation to the Institute of which their country is a member or the obligation implied in their statements to me at Moscow in 1926.

"Then I reminded the Conference that all statisticians and economists who have achieved recognition and distinction enough to justify their governments in sending them to a great international conference are necessarily men of intelligence, experience, and imagination, and that as such the delegates present undoubtedly without exception had all had rosy, golden, irridescient dreams in their youth, especially before they had been brought in contact with cruel, unimaginative, hard-headed and hard-hearted, profit seeking business men, blind criticism, and painful practical experience; and that each and every delegate present could in thirty minutes formulate most beautiful and idealistic schemes ^ath_a would rival those presented by the Socialist group, but would hesitate to present them in the light of long experience and the instinctive feeling that it is useless to ask questions that cannot be answered; that because of the dis-

illusionment that comes from long practical and responsible experience each of the delegates, except those from Russia, had long ago laid away, tenderly and lovingly and with many regrets, his early rosy dreams in a garment of rose leaves and the perfume of attar of roses never again to be brought to the cold, critical attention of practical life; and for the same reasons I suggested that the tender, budding, rosy, infant ideals of the Russian Delegation would in the same way have to be laid away tenderly and lovingly in a rose leaf perfumed oblivion of dream life impracticability.

"Furthermore, I was prepared to name 57 varieties of specific, detailed, perfectly good, sufficient and conclusive reasons why each and every one of the Socialistic proposals should, could, and would not be adopted, but that I thought to economize time one or two might suffice, such as:

"(1) The questions proposed by the Socialist group could not be answered by any human being--therefore why ask them?

"(2) The expense to all governments would be prohibitive--therefore would not be undertaken, and therefore why ask them?

"(3) Any results obtained from such inquiries would have absolutely no value--so why ask for them?

"If, after letting these reasons soak in and penetrate, the Socialist delegates desired to know the other 54 reasons, I would, of course, gladly supply them, but I doubted if any other delegation had any interest in knowing what the other 54 reasons were. (Applause from all delegations, except the Socialists, who seemed puzzled and wore a pained expression of countenance). The Soviet resolutions relating to the census were referred to a subcommittee which, after four solid hours of fruitless debate, voted down all the proposals of the Soviets, agreed to refer them to the

Bureau of the Conference which, it is understood, will refer them to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

"Apparently the Conference will last another week. In any event I shall leave Saturday of next week for Genoa, and sail on the A S.S. Augustus the 11th, due in New York the 21st.

"Again, damn this cold, wet, foggy, soppy, gloomy, dreary climate that makes one feel as if he lived in an iceberg cave and that the glorious sun and heavenly sunlight is a half forgotten dream of his prenatal ancestors. The only definite idea that I now have is that I am completely, totally and entirely miserable, and that, thanks to all the good and beneficent powers that be, the sun does shine sometimes in the Land of Uncle Psalm, and that if I survive I will sometime return to that blessed land.

x x x x

Sunday,
(1928)² Dec. Geneva; the first clear day in a week.

p.3527

In the early morning Dr. Durand called up and asked if I cared to go with him and Mr. Hobson to the Chamoinix and I promptly excused myself on the ground of a bad cold and some writing I wished to do. Twice during the day I walked along the lake front, but the streets were deserted, the shops closed, and aside from the swift flowing crystal clear water of the River Rhone as it leaves the lake and the white swans near Rousseau's little islet, there was nothing of interest to be seen. The rest of the day I spent in bed, hoping to sleep off my cold.

Monday, 3 Dec. Geneva; another bright day to the credit of Geneva. After getting up I had bowel trouble, a chill, and felt very weak. I walked to the League building and learned that the various committees had not completed their work and the conference was adjourned until the following day. Returned by way of the American Express and purchased transportation to Genoa for the following Saturday. Returned to the hotel and typed my expense account and some business letters. Spent the ^tafternoon reading "Whither Mankind." Ill all day with dysentery and stopped it with a dose of "cholera mixture" (equal ^aparts of spirits of camphor, rheubarb, and laudanum), which is a sovereign remedy for such troubles. In the evening I attended a banquet given by the Japanese delegation. It was complete in every detail and very enjoyable.

Tuesday, 4 Dec. Geneva; fair in the city but the surrounding mountains shrouded in dark clouds. At the morning session of the conference there was endless debate over the wording of different phrases of the same paragraph that all meant about the same thing-- simply a hair-splitting discussion. designed to show off the learning of the speakers. There was no afternoon session.

Had luncheon with Mr. Hobson and Mr. Newhurst at the International Club. The food was poor and the service slow. On the way back

In the early morning Dr. Durand called up and asked if I cared to go with him and Mr. Hobson to the Champlain and I promptly excused myself on the ground of a bad cold and some writing I wished to do. Twice during the day I walked along the lake front, but the streets were deserted, the shops closed, and aside from the swift flowing crystal clear water of the River Rhone as it leaves the lake and the white swans near Rousseau's little island, there was nothing of interest to be seen. The rest of the day I spent in bed, hoping to sleep off my cold.

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National Club. The food was poor and the service slow. On the way home

(1928, Dec. Geneva)

E--3528

back I bought two French books and some cigars, and then to my room to be comfortable. Geneva in December is certainly a sad town. Finished reading "L'Amour^r en Amerique," a rather severe criticism of American love affairs, which probably is the way most foreigners regard American professions of Puritanical morality and their actual human conduct.

Wednesday, 5 Dec. Geneva; cloudy and very cold. The morning session of the production committee talked endlessly without reaching any conclusion and adjourned until the following day. Lunched with Messrs. Hobson and Newhurst. Bought two books and some type-writing paper. In the afternoon I wrote a biographical sketch for "Europa," a sort of Who's Who in Europe. Also prepared a statement for the Yearbook of the League of Nations. At 8 p.m. attended a banquet in my own hotel given by the American Delegation, with about forty delegates of other countries. There was much good humor and good will and the banquet was considered a success. It was after midnight when I reached my room.

Thursday, 6 Dec. Geneva; cloudy and cold indoors and out. When I reached the conference I was told that the census program of the International Institute of Agriculture had been adopted as part of the protocol. A few minutes after I arrived the Soviet delegation proposed that the series of census questions formulated by them should also be added to the protocol. I immediately got the floor and reminded the conference that the Soviet proposals had already been fully and exhaustively considered both by a sub-committee and the full commission and every item had been unanimously rejected; that in this first attempt to take a uniform and universal census it was of the utmost importance to keep it simple, and the International Institute of Agriculture had so far succeeded in keeping it simple; that of course the Soviet government would be

(1928, Dec. Geneva)

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free to adopt for itself any sort of census questionnaire it preferred, no matter how complicated and impracticable it might be, but that every experienced statistician and administrative officer in all other countries would rightly object to having such a scheme foisted upon his country by either the Soviet Union or this conference; that the Soviet delegates had stressed the perfection of their own statistical system, whereas they had one of the most expensive, cumbersome, and least satisfactory systems in the world; they had claimed that their showing of a "balance" in production and distribution statistics was new and had originated with them, which was clearly a mistake because many countries, notably the United States, were doing that before the Soviet Union was born, and that instead of being a notable achievement as they seemed to think it was after all simply a useful approximation; that I sincerely hoped that their confidence in their system and in the proposals they had submitted might be justified in their own country, but it was unfortunate, to say the least, that their confidence was not shared by competent statisticians with more experience in other countries; that when I visited Moscow in 1926 I found the officials very critical of the data supplied by the statistical department, officials of their planning committees, the Zemplán and the Gosplan, going so far as to say that the statistics supplied them were not worth the paper they were written on, and therefore it was a little presumptuous for the Soviet delegation to come to this conference and try to modify in an impractical way the world agricultural census project that had been passed upon by three international groups of statisticians, especially in view of the fact that the Soviet government had not taken advantage of the invitation of the International Institute of Agriculture to be represented on those committees. The Soviet delegation was speechless at this attack

(1928, Dec. Geneva)

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and the proposals were promptly and unanimously voted down. This meant that the Institute's census project would remain unchanged as a part of the protocol of the Diplomatic Conference on Economic Statistics, and that my work at the conference was done. After this vote the commission on production statistics adjourned.

As I passed out of the hall I was congratulated by many of the delegates, some of whom I did not know, and some of them I could not understand, but all of them were very cordial and seemed to think I had done a good piece of work that no one else could have done quite so well. In the corridor I was approached by a member of the Soviet delegation who was very friendly and asked many questions and requested documents from both the Institute and the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which I promised to try to have sent to his address. In return he promised to send to my Institute address all the questionnaire forms used by the Soviet government.

I did not see any of my American colleagues and therefore went to the International Club alone for luncheon. I returned to the hotel and slept most of the afternoon, still suffering from a distressing cold. In the evening I went to the railway station restaurant for supper. The food was good, the music excellent, and the surroundings cheerful, but rather expensive. However, I decided that so far as I was concerned Geneva was a mighty poor town for a stranger in winter, with its abominably gloomy and disagreeable weather, its dimly lighted streets and shuttered shop windows at night, and its lack of places of amusement. However, on the walk to the hotel there was one bright episode. A little French woman stepped out from a dark alley and spoke to me, saying "Voulez vous, monsieur, en peu d'amour?" She was a pathetic little creature and I replied "Merci mademoiselle, tres peu parceque je

(1928, Dec. Geneva)

E--3531

suis marrie, deja j'ai une femme." She made a hopeless gesture of disappointment. I said "Very well, simply come with me to the corner nearest my hotel." So arm in arm we walked through the deserted streets and at the designated corner I bade her good bye and gave her a coin, and with a wistful look we separated. So much for the condemned Puritanical scruples I had inherited.

Friday, 7 Dec. Geneva; a rare day of sunshine and white frost. The conference sat continuously from 9 am. to 1 p.m. talking about index numbers without definite conclusion. Had luncheon at the International Club with Messrs. Hobson and Newhurst. Returned to the hotel to pack my trunk and get it checked to Genoa on the evening train. I tied up a bundle of papers that had accumulated and in a taxi took them to the American Consulate to arrange to forward it to my bureau in Washington. Said good bye to my American colleagues. I went to the railway station restaurant for supper. Had soup, a ^epiece of fish, a piece of cheese, some ice cream that I did not want or ask for, a cup of coffee, and a bottle of wine, which cost me \$2.40. No question about it, the cost of living in Geneva was high. However, there was good music and the place was light and cheery with many well dressed guests. Returned to the hotel at 9 p.m. and left a call for the morning.

Saturday, 8 Dec. Geneva. I was awakened at 5.45 a.m., dressed, breakfasted, and reached the train at 7.0⁵~~A~~ a.m. while it was yet very dark. I was pleased at the prospect of leaving Geneva, its winter climate, and its outrageous charges. At 8.45 we passed through Montreux on the lake shore with stone terraces on the mountain side, a white frost on the lowlands and deep snow on the mountains. At 9.15 we were at St. Maurice in a narrow valley with precipitous cliffs and high sharp ^Kpeaks covered with snow. At 10.55 we were at Brigue at the foot of snow clad peaks, the place where

(1928, Dec. to Genoa)

E--3532

I spent a night in 1926 after being turned back from Domadossalo.

¶ We soon reached the great Simplon Tunnel and were fifteen minutes passing through it. On the Italian side the customs officials took up my passport~~d~~ and said I should see the chief of police at Domadossalo. I did so and it was pointed out to me that the visé that I had obtained from the Italian Consul at Addis Ab^aba gave permission only to "enter" Italy, which they were inclined to construe as a single entry only, whereas the passport~~d~~ showed that I had already entered Italy twice, and they were in doubt. However, after a time one of the officials returned the passport~~d~~ duly rubber stamped. While this was going on the train was divided up into sections and I had difficulty in finding my coach. Had a very unsatisfactory luncheon on the train that cost \$1.50 and was worth about fifteen cents. Shortly after luncheon a conductor came through, examined my ticket and said I would have to change cars because I was routed the wrong way. I asked if the coach ~~in~~ which I was on went straight through to Genoa and he said it did. Then I said I proposed to stay in that coach, that I had paid for through direct passage, and if the agent of the company at Geneva had made a mistake he was responsible, not I, and that it was a matter for the railway company to settle with its employes; my ticket read to Genoa, this was the coach I was directed to take at Geneva for Genoa, it was going to Genoa, and that was all there was to it. Later the conductor returned with my ticket and said I could remain where I was. & These incidents are none to^o pleasant for a traveler, but they do serve to break the monotony of a long railway journey.

On the Italian side of the Alps we were enveloped in a fog and rain and it was so dark I could see nothing outside. At Turin I procured a cup of coffee and felt better. Here the electricity was

(1928, Dec. to Genoa)

E--3533

turned on and I had a light.

The train reached Genoa at 7.25 p.m. I asked the taxi driver to take me to the Hotel des/Pr/ los Principes and he took me to the Hotel Princess, which was small, poorly lighted, but clean. After supper I laid in a supply of the little 7 Italian Trabuco cigars that I had learned to like. It was raining still outside.

Sunday, 9 Dec. Genoa; bright Italian sunshine. At 8 a.m. a waiter brought in coffee and a roll. After disposing of this sumptuous breakfast I fell asleep again and did not awake until 11 a.m. I walked out into the bright sunshine and explored some of the narrow streets. Some of them were only two or three yards wide and the upper reaches of these narrow crevasses were criss-crossed with lines of laundry. Caught a glimpse of the harbor and the high hills surrounding the city. Took a picture of the Columbus monument. Because it was Sunday the streets were relatively quiet, but were full of life, color and activity compared with dull, gray, gloomy, sullen Geneva. ~~Had luncheon at the hotel and then slept until 8 p.m. xxxxx~~
Also in Geneva the people are of the sturdy German type; in Genoa they are vivacious Italians with smiling faces, and on the streets were to be seen many women with shapely forms, short skirts, silk stockings, and attractive manners--something of the joy of life that Teutonic peoples seem to lack. Had luncheon at the hotel and then slept until 8 p.m. This made practically 24 hours of sleep and I was still sleepy, but feeling very much better after the long seige I had had with a bad cold.

Monday, 10 Dec. Genoa; cloudy and rain. Slept through until 9⁰⁰ a.m. and felt greatly refreshed and rested. At 10 a.m. I went to the American Express and exchanged my Swiss money and cashed a check

(1928, Dec. Genoa)

E--3534

for enough to see me through to Washington. Took a long walk and climbed a long flight of stairs to the higher levels overlooking the lower portion of the city and the harbor. Had a very poor luncheon and a worse supper--soft, flabby fish, half cooked "veal," the latter tough enough to have come from an aged work cow. The only things I liked were the nuts and raisins and the wine. I consoled myself with the thought that within twenty-four hours I would be on a modern ship with good food and within a week would have good American cooking again. Before supper I took a short walk and returned soon because a cold wind was blowing a gale and big raindrops struck the pavement with a hard splash. I ^aw[^]ked to the railway ^{station} ~~re~~ hoping to find a good restaurant, but there was none. There were many small cheap ones near by, but none of them were clean looking or inviting.

Tuesday, 11 Dec. Genoa; bright, warm sunshine. Again I slept through from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m. At 10.30 a.m. I went down, paid my hotel bill, which was excessive, and was driven to the pier where I went on board the magnificent ^{ent} liner Augustus. I was given a cabin on the main or promenade deck, a nice square room with ample space, a nice bed, wardrobe, wash stand, and plenty of electric lights and good ventilation. The big lounge steward remembered me instantly and welcomed me to the ship.

During the afternoon I wrote some letters and strolled about on the deck watching the interesting life of the harbor and the passengers coming aboard, some with relatives ⁿ and ^m friends to see the/off. The harbor was full of shipping and the wharves and warehouses were piled high with merchandize. Back of the harbor the city arose tier above tier on the steep slopes of the hill facing the harbor. The ship got under way at sunset and as we passed out to sea we could still see the lights of Genoa. At night we were in sight of the lights of the villages along the coast, and to the west other lights

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(1928, to Naples, Dec.)

E--3535

that were said to come from Elba. I was unfortunate in my table companion, an Italian who looked like a Spaniard and was glum and morose. I was not sorry to learn that he intended to leave at Naples.

(Look up last departure from ^{Genoa} Naples for incident of woman in boat who wept inconsolably when ship departed with man in whom she was interested. It was either this voyage or the next.)

(Adriana, 11 Dec. Genoa ✓ yellow folder)

(Longobardi, same. ✓)

"Sincerely yours."

Extract from letter of December 11 to Mr. Longobardi:

x x x x x

"And now, on leaving the shores of sunny Italy, I wish to say that I was greatly pleased with the able manner in which you have managed the census project and office during my long absence, with the devotion and ability of Dr. Salto, with the passionate devotion and vivacious interest in the ~~ens ens~~ census project of Miss Vanzetti, with the patient and devoted loyalty of Guidi, and with the dignified condescension of the Casetta cat. Surely we were a happy family, and my wish is that we may renew our happy relations during the coming year.

"With best wishes to you and all, I am

"Sincerely yours."

(1928, Dec. Naples)

E--3536

Wednesday, 12 Dec. Naples; fair forenoon, cloudy and rain afternoon. I was up at 8.30 a.m. and on deck was surprised to see that the ship was moored at the wharf in Naples. After breakfast I spent two hours or more on deck watching the outgoing and incoming passengers. A messenger brought a letter and a telegram from Mr. Longobardi. The time was so short that I did not care to go ashore. The ship was to sail at 1 p.m. and as the time approached there was more and more excitement on the wharf. At the foot of the long gangplank were two officers that examined passports and tickets before admitting passengers. Just before the ship was to leave an old Italian peasant presented himself ^{and} his papers. He was refused admission and the look of consternation on his face was pitiable. Then a man standing near intervened and the officials ^{and} said something to him. He grasped the old man by the arm and led him at a trot back to the customhouse. In a few minutes they returned and the old man again presented his ^Papers. Again he was barred and his distress was very evident. He was almost hysterical. By this time many passengers were watching him with sympathetic eyes. A second time his volunteer friend trotted him back to the customhouse and again he presented his papers to the guards at the gangplank. After some argument between the officials and the volunteer friend the old man was admitted and ran up the gangplank with the agility of a monkey smiling and shedding tears of joy and shaking with excitement. At least a hundred passengers who had watched the near-tragedy and saw its happy ending clapped their hands and cheered and everyone felt glad that the poor old fellow had not been turned away. He was the last passenger aboard and the gangplank was immediately withdrawn.

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(1928, Dec. to N.Y.)

E--3537

I spent most of the afternoon in my cabin. About the middle of the afternoon, long after we were out of sight of land, the steward brought a letter from Miss Vanzetti written December 8th and addressed to me care of the "Augustus" at Genoa. In it she asked for the loan of one thousand lire with which to put in condition the new apartment she had rented and promising to repay the loan by monthly instalments. It was too late to reply and I ascertained that the ship would make no stop before reaching New York.

At supper I had two table companions, a Mr. Kraus, an elderly German from St. Louis, and a Mr. Christian from London. We fell into conversation immediately and later adjourned to the smoking room where we sat smoking and talking until after 11 p.m.

Thursday, 13 Dec. to New York; a clear bright beautiful day and a smooth sea. Last night I finished reading Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" which I thought was a brilliant piece of work. Today took out of the ship's library "Illusione Perdute." Reading and sleeping during the day with occasional promenades on deck. Sat in the smoking room in the evening talking with my table friends.

Friday, 14 Dec. to New York; a lovely day with blue sky and agitated sea. From daylight to dark we were in sight of the sunlit mountains of the Spanish coast, mauve in color with snow capped peaks. The mountains had an ethereal beauty. Reading most of the day with a nap in the afternoon and up on deck at 7 p.m. We had passed Gibraltar but were still in sight of the Spanish coast. The air was much warmer than it had been. The food and service on the ship were excellent. The ship had a full passenger list and all tables in the dining room were occupied with men and women in full evening dress. Dancing began at 10 o'clock. Messrs. Kraus, Christian and I formed an inseparable group.

(1928, Dec. to N.Y.)

E--3538

Saturday, 15 Dec. to N.Y.; partly cloudy with a calm sea. Spent the day reading Balzac's "Illusione Perdute" in Italian. It is a long story of the political, literary, and social intrigues of his time in Paris. I learned that Mr. ^Christian was by profession an interior decorator, specializing on ships. It was interesting to hear him point out the excellent features of the interior decorations of the "Augustus", said to be one of the finest examples of modern art afloat.

Sunday, 16 Dec. to N.Y.; warm and pleasant, with bright sunshine and an agitated sea. Ideal conditions for a sea voyage and the wintry gloom of Geneva almost forgotten. Read until 3 p.m. Finished reading Balzac's "Illusions" and began reading Shaw's "Misalliance," which deals mainly with education. Wrote a letter to Miss Vanzetti to be mailed on reaching New York. Games in the afternoon on deck, and music and dancing in the evening at which I and my two companions were spectators.

~~(Adriana, 16 Dec. at sea, yellow folder)~~ *omit*

~~(Queen of Hearts, 18 Dec. at sea, yellow folder)~~

(1928, Dec. to N.Y.)

E--3539

Monday, 17 Dec. to N.Y.; another lovely bright warm day and calm sea. Reading until a late hour last night and slept until 11 am. Reading D'Annuncio's "La Nouvelle della Pescari." Spent the day reading with periodical promenades on the different decks. The open air bathing pool on the top deck was full of men and women enjoying a swim. A rather miscellaneous collection of passengers on the ship and not much sociability. Outside of my two table companions I had not become acquainted with a single passenger, partly due to the fact that most of the day I kept to my cabin.

Tuesday, 18 Dec. to N.Y.; partly cloudy with showers, high wind and agitated sea. Not easy to walk or stand upright. Many passengers failed to appear. Read D'Annuncio's "Virgens," but did not like it. Then started to read Chesterton's "What's Wrong with the World," a series of essays written before the war. Sat up late with Mr. Christian who seemed to be exceptionally well informed about the Bible. The ship made only 406 miles today as compared with 456 yesterday.

Wednesday, 19 Dec. to N.Y.; cloudy and showers, relatively calm sea in the forenoon, but rising with the wind in the afternoon. Did a little writing. Reading Chesterton's "The Man Who was Thirsty," a detective story. The women on the ship appeared in evening gowns at supper, many of them with bare shoulders and backs.

(Queen of Hearts, 18 Dec. at sea, yellow folder)

(1928, Dec. to N.Y.)

E--3540

Thursday, Dec. to N.Y.; beautiful day, bright and warm, pleasant and calm, in the Gulf Stream with much floating sea weed. Reading some of the stories by H.G. Wells, but some of my time taken by Messrs. Straus and Christian. Sent a wireless message to my wife announcing probable arrival at New York on Saturday. In the evening there was a masked ball. I wore simply my Tuxedo and the paper cap from my table. The captain's dinner was an uproarious affair with decorations, much noise, and champagne. *P. out h. 3541*

~~and a little~~ *Exhausted* ~~a strenuous day without anything to eat~~

h. 3542 Friday, 21 Dec. to N.Y.; cloudy with agitated sea. Slept late and spent the day reading. Did not see the German lady either in the dining room or in the lounge where music and dancing were going on. Because of my irregular hours missed seeing Messrs. Kraus and Christian.

Saturday, 22 Dec. to N.Y.; fair and freezing cold. While eating breakfast the ship steamed slowly up the harbor and docked about 10 a.m. *was occupied in unpacking some of my things and familiarizing myself with the house, but the thought occurred to me from time to time* *Exhausted* *the shopping might have been done the day before or during the day before my arrival.*

I got through customs inspection, caught a taxi and dashed across town to the Pennsylvania station, and caught the 12.15 train

outside the United States for love or money. Shortly after noon Charles Worthy brought mother, sister, and Uncle in from Frederick. William prepared a fine dinner with roast turkey, Brussels and green peas, and other good things. The family and I sat down to

(1928, Dec. N.Y.)

E--3543

for Washington due to arrive at 5.15 p.m. The train was a long one, full of passengers, and the smoking compartment was badly crowded. Twice I went the length of the train to the dining car, but each time there was a long line of passengers waiting to get in. Such mismanagement on an American train was a surprise to me. Finally I decided to go without luncheon. The countryside was covered with ice. I was thrilled with the ride that was bringing me nearer and nearer to wife, family, and home.

At last the train slowed up in the familiar Union Station in Washington. Otis was there to greet me. I felt very tired and a little shaky from a strenuous day without anything to eat since an ^aearly hour. Then came the drive in a taxi through the familiar streets to 1026 17th St. and a warm welcome from wife and Thelma. They were dressed in their best and were waiting for me. I was pleased that wife had prepared no supper, that we could all go to a restaurant, and then be free afterwards. After supper wife announced that she and the children had some shopping to do, so I returned to the house alone and so remained until they returned at a ^{at}late hour. I was occupied in unpacking some of my things and familiarizing myself with the house, but the thought occurred to me from time to time that the shopping might have been done ~~the day before or during the day before~~ my arrival.

Sunday, 23 Dec. Washington; clear, bright and cold. I was too tired last night to sleep. We had buckwheat cakes, sausage, and maple syrup for breakfast, a combination that cannot be obtained outside the United States for love or money. Shortly after noon Charles Worthy brought mother, sister, and Eunice in from Frederick. Wife had prepared a fine dinner with roast turkey, dressing and gravy, vegetables, cranberries, fruit, raisins and nuts, and coffee.

(1928, Dec. Washington)

E--3544

One of Thelma's girl friends spent the day with her and the two young women cleared ~~xxx~~ off the table and washed the dishes. Otis posed as the good looking screen star male. He was sixteen and the tallest member of the family. The two girls, Thelma eighteen and her friend fourteen and large for her age, wore short skirts and roll top stockings, and their legs were bare from knee to hip and were displayed to advantage on every occasion. On the whole it was a pleasant but tiresome day. I found that wife had ~~also~~ cleaned and rearranged my den in the basement.

Monday, 24 Dec. Washington; clear and cold. At 11 a.m. I walked down to the business section. The streets were crowded with pedestrians and automobiles as I had never seen them before. The afternoon paper said there were 100,000 automobiles in the downtown section at noon. It was almost impossible for pedestrians to cross the streets because of the long processions of slowly moving cars. Thelma's friend stayed all night and until noon to help wrap Christmas presents. I took wife and Thelma to a restaurant for supper. Otis flatly refused to go. I found this was characteristic of him. He preferred to browse in the pantry, or feast on a can of beans, of which he was inordinately fond.

Tuesday, 25 Dec., Washington; clear and warm. Wife had been up most of the night fixing Christmas presents, so we were late in rising. The young folks had been down long before we were up. We went down in pajamas to see them open their presents. Among Otis's presents was a knock-down airplane on which he spent the rest of the day setting up. In addition, he had a sweater, golf stockings, socks, ties, and books. Thelma had a red cedar chest, a pair of garters, silk stockings, and other things. During the day Mr. Jenkins brought down a bottle of whiskey wrapped in red paper for me. In the forenoon about a dozen girls called to see Thelma, display some

(1928, Dec. Washington)

E--3545

of their presents and examine hers. Otis refused to see any of them, but sulked in his room. Later wife announced that Otis had planned to spend a week at Sunny Hill. I objected on the ground that the family should keep together Christmas week, that the weather would probably turn bad, and that Otis was as yet too young, too inexperienced, and too irresponsible to be trusted to occupy the Cricket House alone;

Trouble with children

Wednesday, 26 Dec. Washington; clear and warmer. In the forenoon I walked to the Department of Agriculture where I found most of the offices practically deserted and most of the officials absent. However I saw a number of my old friends and acquaintances. I found some letters that had been held for me and among them were some enlarged photographs of the Casetta office and my official family at Rome. Thelma and Otis spent the entire day away from home. After listening to my wife's pleading that Otis be permitted to go alone to Sunny Hill on the ground that the poor boy needed a vacation

(1928, Dec. Washington)

E--3546

and would be heart broken if not permitted to go, I finally consented but told wife that I did not like it or approve of it because it was not right and I had misgivings.

Thursday, 27 Dec. Washington; another fine day. I took my little camera to a photographer for repairs, but he said it would have to go to the factory and might take several weeks. Spent the day arranging my records and reading. Otis left on the bus for Frederick with the intention of walking ~~from there~~ out to Sunny Hill where he proposed to camp by himself in the Cricket House for a week.

Friday, 28 Dec. Washington; cloudy and cold. Suffering from toothache and neuralgia. Spent the entire day in the house, but could neither read nor sleep with any satisfaction.

Saturday, 29 Dec. Washington; cloudy and cold. Still having ~~trou~~ trouble with neuralgia. Wife telephoned to Sister Nellie at Winworth not to expect us out the next day because of the threatening weather. Otis returned in the forenoon, ~~instead~~ of spending a week at Sunny Hill as he had planned. As a matter of fact he spent the two nights and one day with my sister and borrowed money from her to pay his bus fare back, he having spent the money with which he was provided when he left. He returned with an ugly grouch, ~~was~~ hungry, tired and disappointed, and wanted money immediately with which to buy a ~~gun~~ can of cooked beans. For a wonder wife made him wait for an hour and eat with the family. As was characteristic with him from childhood he made not the slightest reference to the trip and volunteered no information. If a specific question was asked he would answer it with a gruff "yes" or "no," or "Don't know" in resentful surly fashion. I felt like shaking him.

Sunday, 30 Dec. Washington; fair and cold. Filing correspondence and writing. In the afternoon I visited the Corcoran Art

(1928, Dec. Washington)

E--3548

So ended the fourth year of my foreign mission, highly successful so far as concerned the specific project for which it was undertaken, but I was beginning to be apprehensive of the future with respect to the family and my relation to it. I could see that after my long absences the family had grown away from me. I was greatly disappointed in the adopted children.

children

I felt much embarrassed and rather helpless because, after having brought my census project so near to a successful conclusion I did not feel justified in abandoning it, and to continue with it meant another year's absence from home. My only hope was that the shortcomings of the young people were only a passing phase of youth which they would outgrow, and that by the time I was free to return to my post in Washington the family would be more open-minded and amenable to reason. Nevertheless I had grave misgivings.

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